HOLIDAY ANNUAL, 1954

THE NEW CANADIAN

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VOL. 17 — NO. 98 WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1954. TORONTO, ONT.

Letter From the Editor

For the sixteenth annual holiday number, the editor was very fortunate in receiving many worthy contributions from various writers, including veterans of ten to sixteen years, others whose efforts are being published in these pages for the first times, and those who have written in varying degrees of regularity for NC.

Of high interest will be a couple of newcomers, Betty Wangenheim and Dr. Norie Nishio. Mrs. Wangenheim, who probably knows more about Japanese Canadians than do most of our readers, offers some enlightened observations from the hakujin viewpoint.

A dentist at Whitehorse in the Yukon Territory, Dr. Nishio tells what there is in the northland that has lured him into establishing his practice and his residence there.

Others new to these pages are Ed Ide, who tells what he has derived from several years' experience in JCCA work, Mary Endo, whose contribution was the winning speech in the Vancouver Oratorical Contest, and the three Short Story winners.

Veterans include S. K. whose abundant store of memories has recalled some personal reflections on the RCMP; our faithful Cinderella, who looks back on her l-o-n-g association with NC, ending up with a wholesome philosophy of her present state in life; T.M.K., possibly the tops among Nisei writers, who makes some observations of a spiritual nature, then puts in a plug for her own opinions; and Frank Moritsugu, who reveals some personal remembrances of the late Dr. B. K. Sandwell. Cartoons by Jack Nakamoto again brighten up the pages.

The third qualification of our contributors is headed by M. Sitarr and Ken Adachi. Psychologist Sitarr discourses on mental health and the improper use of its control, while former NC editor Adachi pokes fun at his current environment with special digs at the engineering faculty.

Another former editor, George Nishimura, relates his memories of Tokyo's Ginza, while George Tanaka, a frequent contributor to past Christmas issues, talks about his field of landscape architecture.

That's the line-up — and we hope you'll like it. Best wishes, then, from Takaichi Umezuki and Ken Mori of the Japanese section, Hideo Ui and Kiyoshi Koyabu of the composing room, and yours truly, until Dec. 29.

DEC. 29th ISSUE

LAST ISSUE of The New Canadian for 1954 will be a regular edition on Wednesday, Dec. 29. First issue of the New Year will be dated Jan. 5.

Thus, with two weekends away from 479 Queen West, the NC staff will get back to the regular grind of twice-weekly issues during the first full week of January, 1955.



IT'S THE WAY OF THE HUMAN HEART, says Cindy, and we'll bet that in the hearts of the four Sansei sons of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Hemmy of Toronto, there is no doubt of the reality of Christmas. Left to right are Douglas 7, Bobbie 5, Jon 3½, and Tom 22 months.

—Suzuki & Hemmy Photo.

MESSAGES

From the Minister
Dep't of Citizenship and Immigration

CHRISTMAS is the season of goodwill and peace towards our fellow men. It is in that spirit that all Canadians are preparing to celebrate the feast of the birth of the Prince of Peace. It is also the feast on which family ties are renewed and strengthened and good wishes are exchanged.

Canadians of Japanese origin belong to our wider Canadian family, and to them, as to other members of the family, may Christmas bring happiness and the New Year prosperity.

J. W. Pickersgill,
Ottawa

From Ambassador Matsudaira

I AM VERY happy to extend the season's greetings to the readers of The New Canadian and their friends across Canada.

Since my arrival in Canada last March, I have had the opportunity to visit many parts of this great land and to study some of the aspects of the Canadian way of life. I have found it particularly heartening to observe how in communities across Canada, the people of Japanese ancestry have assimilated themselves with the other peoples of the nation, and are contributing in their several ways toward the building of a prosperous Canada.



During the past year, you and I have watched the steady strengthening of good relations between Canada and Japan. The signing of the Canada-Japan Trade Agreement, the visit to Canada of the Japanese Business Mission, Japan's accession to the Colombo Plan and, more recently, the visit of the Prime Minister of Japan to Canada have all been events of significance. They may be regarded as evidence of, and at the same time, factors contributing to, a growing understanding and friendship between the two counties.

It is the good will you have promoted in your daily contacts with your fellow Canadians that has done much to guide this happy trend. I am deeply appreciative of it, and hope that you will continue to serve in your important role.

The people of Japan are welcoming their second New Year since the end of the Occupation. They are striving with hope and courage to build a better and healthier Japan. There is much we can help to accomplish together in the year ahead.

My sincere wishes to you all for a joyous Christmas and a New Year of happiness and prosperity.

Koto Matsudaira,
Ottawa

From Consul Hirota

IN WELCOMING the New Year of 1955, it is a great pleasure to send a message through this paper to all the Japanese Canadians throughout the country.

First of all, I would like to express my sincere appreciation for your warm support on various occasions in the past. Looking back to the year 1954, I recall many pleasant events, especially the first visit of Canada's Prime Minister St. Laurent to Japan, the memorable visit of Prime Minister Yoshida to Canada, the conclusion of a new trade agreement between the two countries, the attendance of the Vancouver Board of Trade members at the Japan International Trade Fair in Osaka, the return call of the Japanese Business Mission here. These events were deeply engraved in the memories of the people of both

(Continued On Next Page)

Southern Alta. Girl Is Winner Of Story Test

Youth dominated the New Canadian Short Story Contest in its second year, and the absence of the more experienced writers has resulted in entries of somewhat inferior quality to those of the initial contest.

Of the six entries received, NIGHT WALK by Nancy Ayukawa, 21, of Iron Springs, Alta., was awarded first prize for its smoothly-flowing style. Miss Ayukawa's writing shows promise and will improve with the omission of several extraneous (as far as the short story is concerned) passages.

Pedantry was the major criticism of THE CLANDESTINE COURTSHIP, second prize winner, by Yosh Taguchi of Montreal. Yet, despite his over-use of words, Taguchi's handling of the language makes his story very easy to read.

Third prize goes to Joy Nakayama, 19, of Coaldale, Alta., for FLIGHT, a remarkably good attempt at fantasy. While most readers will require a second perusal to catch the sense of the story, Miss Nakayama's relatively good choice of words may offset the confusing plot.

Other entires: "Buddies Home for Christmas" by Keiji Nagami of St. Catharines, Ont., "Monster Night" by J. Georgiles of Ottawa; and "Before the Big Thaw" by Effie Lefeaux of West Vancouver, B.C.

Some or all of these last entries will be published in later issues. Criticism and other comment on the entries and on the judgment will be carefully considered, but the adjudication, as given, is final.

Main criticism still is that the writers have not learned to economize on words and to get away from well-worn expressions. The current crop of winners, however, will improve on these faults after they have done more reading and writing and begin to develop their own styles of writing.



NANCY AYUKAWA

best wishes to all for the holiday season

THE NEW CANADIAN

Published on Wednesday and Saturday of each week as a medium of expression and news outlet among those of Japanese origin in Canada.

Henry Moritsugu .... Editor
T. Umezuki .... Japanese Editor
Ken Mori .... Advertising

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(Continued From Page One)



Canada and Japan.

The relations between the two countries are becoming much closer in political, cultural and economic fields. The Pacific Ocean which once hampered the exchange of cultures and commodities is no more than a lake, and both Canadians and Japanese can live in harmony side by side. In political fields, the two countries are cooperating in neighborly fashion; in cultural fields, Oriental influences have influxed into North America, while western culture is taking form in Japan.

However, economic problems in Japan are still serious. Although she has made great progress in her economic recovery by strenuous efforts of her people as well as by generous aid of the peace-loving countries, further promotion of trade is a crying need in order to cope with the ever-increasing population. Particularly the trade between Canada and Japan has not yet yielded good results. This is the reason the two countries concluded a new trade agreement in April, 1954. This agreement aims to give "most-favored nation" treatment which will help to increase Japan's exports to Canada. I believe a sound trade relationship should be sought in a pattern where exports flow both ways at the highest level to our mutual advantage.

I am confident that the bonds of friendship can be further strengthened through smoother and ever-expanding trade relationships, and also through cultural understanding of both countries, for which we owe much to you, the Japanese Canadians.

Shigeru Hirota
Vancouver

Messages

From Consul Yoshida

MERRY CHRISTMAS and a bright and prosperous New Year to all Japanese Canadians across Canada!

1954 was a significant year for us, as the Consulate of Japan in Toronto was established to add to the representations already established in Ottawa and Vancouver. We are grateful for the eager and spontaneous assistance extended to us, and may I take this opportunity of expressing my very sincere appreciation for your wholehearted cooperation.

It has made me very happy to see that you are now happily settled after long years of difficult experiences. I am convinced that you have a definite role to play in contributing to the development of Canada, particularly in furthering Canadian-Japanese goodwill and understanding, as you are best able to interpret your Japanese heritage. Figuratively speaking, your parents and grandparents transplanted the flowers of Japanese culture in Canada.



It is your important role to nourish and cultivate these flowers on Canadian soil, so that they may be enjoyed by Canadians.

Canada has become an important power in the field of international affairs, and as far as Japan is concerned, she is a valuable friend as well as our closest Pacific neighbor.

Japan has come to recognize the increasing significance of Canada, and the already existing ties of goodwill between our two countries have been strengthened by the recent visit to this country of Prime Minister Yoshida who has since resigned. J a p a n has many problems to solve, but is treading the road of progress with renewed hope and determination.

In the coming New Year, may there be peace and hope in the world, increasing goodwill and mutual prosperity for Canada and Japan; and for your families, may there be health, happiness and success!

Kenzo Yoshida
Toronto

Femme Fare

By CINDERELLA

When We Can Live Without These Things . . .

TODAY IT IS considered fashionable to doubt the reality of Christmas.

The intellectual bandies Christmas around like a dog with a bone, sharpening his wit upon it as a dog would his teeth. The practical realist, the man who must be shown, takes a dim view of Christmas, relegating it to the realm of childhood and childish things. "Christmas," he scoffs, "is highly over-rated! Good enough for kids, but this is a man's world!" The cynic merely climbs into his own special type of ivory tower with the pronouncement that Christmas is a "gimmick" for encouraging wholesale mass spending which fills, not the coffers for the public good, but the gold-lined pockets of the capitalists. And the rest of us, although in sympathy with the intellectual, the realist and the cynic, find ourselves rushing around for that last remaining gift in our Christmas list or trying to beat post office deadlines at this particular season of the year. And if the truth must be told, we might even be a little annoyed at the high cost of gift-giving and the high cost of postage stamps.

Today we are on the way to forgetting that Christmas is the way of the human heart. Otherwise, why are we confounded by high-pressure sales campaigns which rush us into buying a 24-inch "Deep Image" Television Set, a specially processed mink coat, the latest automatic Deep Freezer? Why our constant search for gifts for friends with "discriminating tastes", our search for those useless baubles which we, in our right minds, would never own ourselves? Personalized neckties, sequin-studded back scratchers, specially designed lounging pajamas for television-viewing, guaranteed to take the "lounge" out of lounging, are proof of our over-satiety of modern goods. Why can we not see Christmas unless it is served to us in modern dress with Santa Claus in a shiny convertible, with sophisticated angels sporting peroxide blonde wigs and Marilyn Monroe smiles, and Christmas trees painted in bonbon colors of blue and pink and the glamorous off-shades which are the favorites in Harper's or Glamor Magazine?

We have become bogged down with all the material trappings of the Twentieth Century, strong on scientific progress but short on spiritual growth. We have loaded Christmas with so much excess baggage that we cannot see reality even if it is thrust under our very eyes.

Abolish Christmas and what would it mean?

It would mean depriving human beings, all mothers and fathers, aunts and uncles, sisters and brothers, of the indescribable wonder and belief of children as they experience the Christmas Story; the wonder of seeing through their eyes the Birth of the Savior with its prelude of Heavenly Angels, the beckoning star, the alive, expectant hush on the lonely fields where the shepherds watched their flocks; the wonder of sensing the actual presence of animals struck mute by the knowledge of the unusual about to happen, of Mary awaiting her Hour of Travail, and of Joseph grave with concern.

It would mean never again to be moved by a child's wholehearted response to Christmas: the sight of a small boy kneeling in prayer, putting his little hand in His with infinite trust, whispering "Please, dear God, tell Santa I want a real sleigh. I promise to be a good boy . . ."; the sound of a small boy's squeal of delight on Christmas morning; the feel of a small boy's tired head warm against one's shoulder after a busy Christmas Day.

It would mean never to react to all the tangible sights and sounds and smells of Christmas — those rare moments which quicken the human spirit toward its destined fulfilment — the look of a snow-banked city street with moonlight tracing strange shadows, the strains of an organ playing familiar Christmas melodies, the spiciness of home baking, the odor of burning candles, the sharp tang of evergreens. It would mean the loss of all these things whereby man looks into his heart, appraises himself without prejudice, then moves on to perform miracles. The miracle may be as simple as that peculiar feeling at the pit of his stomach at the sound of a church organ, and his sudden desire to be a better man than he has been. The miracle might be as magnificent as the spirit which moves man to lay down his life for another.

Abolish Christmas and what would it mean? It would mean the loss of all these simple, personal things which somehow move the heart of man, and it would mean the loss of much more. Picture, if we dare, a way of life where a Schweitzer, a Bunche or a Kagawa would be branded outlaws, madmen obsessed with the impossible dream of brotherhood. Picture, if we dare, a world where the Ten Commandments, the Universal Charter of Human Rights and all the precious documents which safeguard the dignity of human beings would be considered meaningless scraps of paper. Picture, if we dare, a world completely made desolate, completely devoid of hope. It would mean the disappearance of that reality by which man, despite his shortcomings, may sometimes climb to the level of angels, proving himself worthy of his presence.

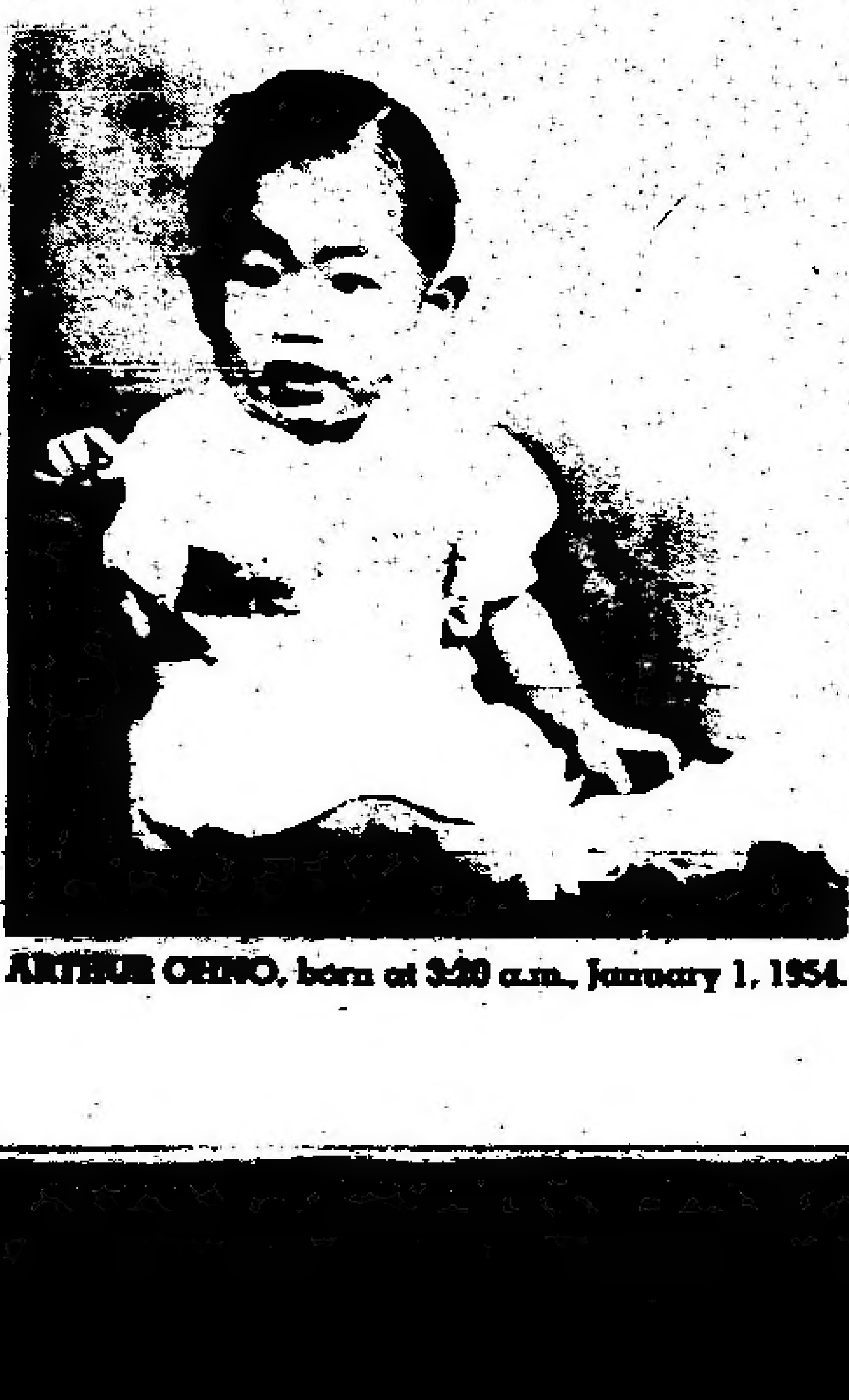
When we can live without these things, when we can deny the reality of these things, then it will be time enough to abolish Christmas.

5th new canadian first baby contest

Another new year means another New Canadian First Baby Contest — and this time it's to be the fifth such annual "stork derby". Parents, grandparents, uncles or aunts, or any other relatives of January arrivals are asked to submit entries. Required information includes names and address of parents, names and sex of baby, and time of birth in hour and minutes. Verification of time and date is required from an attending doctor or nurse.

Rules stipulate that one or both of the parents must be of Japanese origin, and the "blessed event" must take place somewhere in Canada. All entries must be posted not later than January 15, 1955.

Show at left (at 11 months) is Arthur Akira Ohno, son of Mr. and Mrs. Masaharu Ohno of Lethbridge, Alta. Arthur allowed only three minutes and twenty seconds of 1954 to pass by before he made his debut.



ARTHUR OHNO, born at 3:20 a.m., January 1, 1954.

Consular Residences To Be Opened to Public On New Year's Day

The official residences of the Consulate of Japan in Vancouver and in Toronto will be opened to the public on Jan. 1, 1955, 2—5 p. m. in celebrations for the New Year.

In Toronto, at the home of Consul and Mrs. Kenzo Yoshida and Vice Consul and Mrs. Eiichi Uchida, and families, a toast to the Queen will be proposed at 3 p. m.

London Junior JCCA To Hold Kids' Party, Christmas Eve Dance

LONDON, Ont. — The local Junior JCCA group will hold its first big affair, a Kiddies' Christmas Party, on Thursday, Dec. 23, 7—9 p. m. at the YWCA.

All kids under 12 and their parents are invited to come and see Santa.

Christmas Eve will be celebrated with a gala Dance, 8—12 p. m. at the YWCA on Friday, Dec. 24. A very enjoyable evening has been planned, and out-of towners have been invited, so come on out and meet your friends.

New Year's Dance Set By Vancouver JCCA

VANCOUVER, B.C. — The Vancouver JCCA will hold a New Year's Dance on Jan. 1 at the Pender Auditorium, 9 p. m. to 1 a. m. Music will be supplied by Jim Rose's Band.

HOLIDAY CALENDAR

DECEMBER

23—**London.** Jr. JCCA Kids' Christmas Party at the YWCA, 7—9 p. m.

24—**Toronto.** Metropolitan Badminton Club Christmas Dance, "Snowball", at Club Kingsway, 9:30-1.

24—**Hamilton.** JCCA Christmas Eve Dance Party at the Venetian Hall, 269 John St. N., 9 p.m.

24—**London.** Jr. JCCA Christmas Eve Dance at the YWCA, 8—12 p. m.

25—**Lethbridge.** Seventh annual JCCA "Snowball" at Henderson Lake Pavilion, 8-12.

25—**Toronto.** Club Ami Social at Matsuo Studios, 7:30 p.m.

26—**Vancouver.** Y B A Christmas Party at the language school.

27—**Winnipeg.** Manitoba JCCA Christmas Ball at the St. Charles Hotel.

30—**Kelowna.** Y.B.A. New Year's Dance at the Buddhist Hall, 9:30-1:30.

31—**Raymond.** Y.B.A. New Year's Eve Social at Buddhist Church, 8:30 p.m.

31—**Kamloops.** KNAC New Year's Eve Dance at Legion Hall, 10

31—**Taber.** YBA New Year's Eve Dance at the Buddhist Hall, 9 p. m.

JANUARY

1—**Toronto.** New Year Celebration Open House at residence of Japanese Consulate, 164 St. Leonards Ave., 2—5 p. m.

1—**Vancouver.** New Year Celebration at residence of Japanese Consulate, 2—5 p. m.

1—**Fort William.** Lakehead Nisei Club Social and Keiro-kai at the Italian Hall, McLaughlin St., 8 p.m.

1—**Vancouver.** JCCA New Year's Dance at Pender Auditorium, 9 p. m. — 1 a. m.

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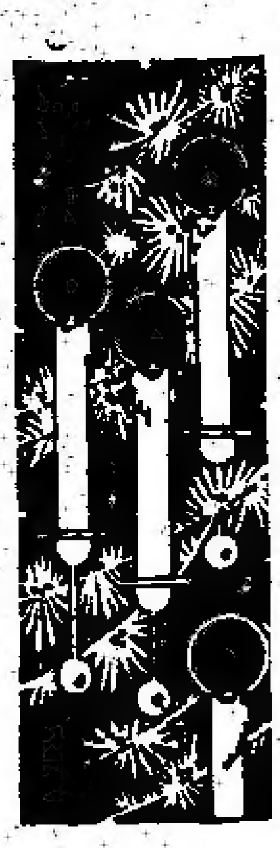
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クリスマスを祝し 新年を賀し奉ります

皆々様　海に街に野に山に益々御健勝御活動の段深く御慶び申上げます。さて小生クラウン生命保險會社に勤務以来満二十五ヵ年、皆々様の御懇篤なる御引立と御愛顧を蒙り、日夜目覺しい働きを續けさせて頂きます事は偏えに皆々様の御厚志の賜と心から感謝致します。どうぞ今後共何卒宜敷く御教導御引立の程懇願致します。香賀に輝やかしき新らしき年を迎わるに際し皆々様の御健康と御幸福を祈願致します。

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謹んでクリスマスと新年のお慶び申上げます。

新しい年を迎へるに當り舊年中の御厚誼に對し深く御禮申上げると共に本年も倍舊の御指導御協力をお願い申上げます。

顧みまするに、昨年三月着任以來、トロント、モントリオルを始めとして西部各地を訪問する機會を得、各地に於て皆様がよくカナダの社會に融和し夫々の分野に於て力強い發展を遂げておられるのを親のあたり拝見致しまして誠に喜ばしく存じました。

獨立後二度目の新年を迎へ日本國民は前途に幾多の困難を孕みつつも祖國再建に必死の努力を傾けて居ります。

新興國として發展の途上にあるカナダと國交は日本にとつて極めて重要でありますが、此の日加關係が昨年秋、日加通商協定に引續き實業使節團の來訪、吉田首相の訪加、コロンボプランへの日本の參加等を通じ緊密となつて參りました事は誠に御同慶に堪へない所でありまして皆様と共に將來兩國親善關係が益々發展することを衷心より希望致して止みません。

再建の基礎を貿易に依存せざるを得ない日本の實情を考へる時に、日本商品のカナダ市場への進出は非常に重要な意味を持つものでありますが、此の點皆様の御支持に負う所大でありますので、更に一層の御協力を御願い致し度いと存じます。

最後に皆様の一層の御繁榮と御發展とをお祈り致します。

年頭所感

在ヴアンクーヴアー領事 廣田積

輝かしき一九五五年の元日を迎えるに當りまして心から皆様に新年おめでとうを申上げます。

省みますれば、昨年は日加兩國にとつて記念すべき年だつたと思います。セントローラン・カナダ首相の日本訪問、それに應わるして吉田首相の外遊第一歩としてのカナダ訪問、カナダ通商使節團の訪日、そしてそれに應える日本通商使節團の來加等、兩國の指導的人物の往來がかつて史上に之を見ざる程、頻繁であつたことは、兩國の親善關係、經濟關係が極めて緊密化したことの証左と信ずる次第であります。

今更申し上げるまでもなく、カナダは日本にとつて海を隔てた隣國であり、空路僅か十數時間の近接國であります。そして兩國の產業構成は相互の理解と協力の下に益々高度に發展しうる諸條件を具えておるのであります。歴史的必然とも申すべきこの日加兩國の親善協調關係は、愈々その地盤を固められんとしております。

一年の計を樹てるべきこの年頭に當りまして、我々は今年こそこの關係を兩國民の間に廣く深く推進することを念願するとともに、この推進の原動力たる在加日系人諸賢の御盡力を切に期待するものであります。

終りにのぞみまして、皆様の御健康と御發展を祈念致します。

新年祝辭

在トロント領事 吉田健

樂しいクリスマス及び希望に滿ちた新春を謹んで御祝い申上げます。

一九五四年は當領事館としては開館という意義深い年でありましたが、公私共に皆様方の絶大な御援助と御協力を賜わりましたことをここにニュー・カナディアン紙を通じ厚く御禮申上げます。

皆様方には幾多の艱難を克服して今日の幸福なる生活を築き上げられ着々と御繁榮しておられますことを心から御喜び申上ます。特に、香り高い日本の文化的傳統を担つてカナダの發展及び日加親善の増進に重要な貢献をしておられますことは感激に堪えない次第であります。

日本におけるカナダの重要性の認識は飛躍的に増加しており、過日吉田前總理の訪加を期として兩國の親善の絆が一段と固められたことと信じます。

わが國も新たな希望と決意をもつて飛躍の途上に進んでおります。

新春に當り、心新たに國際間には平和と希望を、日加兩國間には揺ぎなき親善と繁榮を、皆様方の御家庭には御多幸と御發展を心から祈念してやみません。

メッセージ

移民大臣から

ニュー・カナディアン紙の年末特別號のために

クリスマスはわれわれ國民お互が親善と平和をわかち合うシーズンであります。この心持ちを以て全カナダ人は平和の王子の誕生を祝福しようというのであります。また同時に、お互の家族かむつまじさを更新し強め健在を祝うときでもあります。

日系カナダ人は大きいカナダの家族の一員であり、ほかの人達と同様に、クリスマスが幸福をもたらし、ニュー・イヤーを迎えられるよう切望いたします。

オタワ移民大臣 J・W・ピカスギル

ニューカナディアン
THE NEW CANADIAN
479 Queen St. W.,
Toronto 2-B, Ont.
(Phone EM. 6-5006)
毎週水土二回發行
半年三弗　一年六弗
日本文編集者
梅月高市　森研三

友好協定破棄と ソ連、英をおどす

【モスクワ發】西ドイツの再武装を許すパリ協定が批准されることになれば、ソ連は一九四二年に發効したソ連・英國友好協定を破棄する用意があるとのオドシ文句を入れた文書を二十日ソ連駐在の英國大使にグロミコ外務次官が手交した。ソ連はこれと同様の外交文書をフランスにも手渡している。パリ協定はすでに英國議會で承認済みとなつているものであるが、右協定は目下パリ議會で審議中のもので、フランスがこの協定を批准しないよう同様のオドシ文句を送つたものである。ソ英友好協定は一九四二年ロンドンで調印され、有効期間二十年、双方國の何れかが、ドイツと戰爭をするような場合が起れば、手助けするということになつているもので、また條約七個條によると、ソ英の何れかを向うに廻すような同盟をどこの國と結んでもいけないということになつている。

兩社統一

選擧後にはかる

【東京時事通信】左派社會黨は先週、兩院議員總會を開いたが、席上、鈴木委員長は「選擧後には兩社は合同するとの方針を選擧前に打出すべきである」旨次のように發言し注目された。

來春一月に解散を行うがわれわれが國民の要望に應える唯一ノ道標は兩社の合同である。このためわれわれは總選擧前において少くとも選擧後には合同するという方針を國民の前に示さねばならない。したがつて諸君も統一問題についてこの際踏み切つて貰いたい。われわれは從來のように共同政權論や統一論ではなく實際に合同を行い社會黨政權を作るのだという決意と誠實を示さなければならない。」

日ソ關係正常化を歡迎

モロトフ外相が聲明發表

【東京時事通信】ソ連政府スポークスマンは先週、日ソ關係の正常化についての交渉を歡迎するとのモロトフ外相の聲明を發表した。これは新内閣がソ連、中共との正常關係を復活する用意があるとの聲明に對する回答であり「もし日本政府が日ソ關係の正常化を明確にしたいと考慮するならばソ連政府はその關係をして交渉に當らしめ、實際的折衝を行う用意がある」と述べている。

【東京發】鳩山首相は十九日の記者會見で、ソ連と中共は日本と通商代表を交換すると共に、日本との戰爭狀態の終止による國交の正常化と通商促進をはかるべきであると語つた。また鳩山首相は、米國との友好關係の増進についてはあらゆる努力をつくしたいと述べ、共産國間との貿易推進によつて日本が赤化することになるとの見解を否定した。

公然側近外交へ

外務次官室は四階に追い上げ

【東京時事通信】外務省ではこのところ重光新外相を迎えて連日部屋の入替えや新舊秘書官以下の人の引越しでゴッタ返しているが、先週の一夜は深更までかかつて大臣室と次官室との入替え、政務次官室と顧問室の入替わり、參與室の新設があり、その翌朝は省内の連中まで部屋を間違えて廊下をウロウロする有様。大臣室が隣りへ移つたのは隻脚大臣の小用に便利のためで深い譯はないが、今まで三階の大臣室の向い側にあつた政務次官室が四階に追い上げられ、そのあとが谷顧問の部屋に早變りしたり、その隣が加瀬參與、太田(三郎)參與の入る部屋になつたのに省内でも一寸オドロキの態。さてはいよいよ谷、加瀬、太田のブレーン・トラストがガッチリ外務省を押え、人事や樞要な外交事務を一手に握ろうとの構えかとお役人一同シブイ顔。この分では公然たる「側近外交」がまかり通り、各局次長はおろか次官や官房長までがツンボ棧敷におかれそうだと早くも氣をもむ局長もいる。

トロント領事公邸でニューイヤ祝賀

【在トロント領事館發表】開館して以來最初の新春祝賀會(オープン・ハウス)を公邸で催し、日系人と共に新春をお祝いすることになつております。時日は一月一日午後二時から五時まで。三時には日加兩國々歌を合唱、祝杯いたします。

日本陶磁器は米業者の強敵

【ワシントン發】關税關係委員の對日關税讓歩に關する公聽會はワシントンで目下續行中だが、先週末陶器關係業者を證人として招致。「日本の陶磁器工業はその製品の品質が優良な上に價格も低廉であるので米國の陶じ器工業はこのために壓殺されるだろう」と述べ、さらに「米國は來年二月ジュネーヴで日本との間に行われる貿易協定交渉で關税引下げを拒否し陶じ器の輸入制限に關する權利を確保すべきである」と要望した。

現職大臣兼業はいかぬ

護衛(七十名)も廢止となる

【東京時事通信】日本政府は先週の閣議でさきに申合せた綱紀粛正の建前からさらに「現職大臣にして營利事業などの役員になつている者は今後一切その兼職をやめる」旨の申合せを行つた。なお大臣公邸は全面的に廢止、關係省廳の會議などに使用することもやめることになつた。また鳩山内閣では國民の新生活運動を進める一助として役人と業者のゴルフ、マージャン禁止令をさきの閣議で決めたが、これと同時に大臣の護衛廢止を決定した。このため警視廳では先週警察廳と打合せた結果、週末から各大臣の身邊護衛を全面的に廢止した。これは片山内閣時代に十數回實施したことがあるが、それ以來二度目のことである。これまで各閣僚の身邊護衛には私服約七十名が總理の十四、五名を筆頭に各大臣に三名の割でついていたもので、この警護廢止で浮いた人員は歳末警戒の應援にあてられた。

晩市で祝賀ダンス

【晩市發】晩市々協では來る一月一日午后九時から一時までペンダー・オーディトリアムで新年祝賀ダンス會を催す。服裝は自由、オーケストラはジム・ローズ・バンド、ドア・プライズがある。

讀者の皆様へ

愛讀者の皆さんがよきクリスマスとお正月を迎えられますよう。

ニューカナディアン
小藪　清
森　研三
森次(ヘン・)
宇井　秀雄
梅月　高市
同　千代
東京支社
東京　藪木　海鑑
今澤　正男

ニューイヤー誰が早生れ?

本社主催の「ニューイヤー・ベビー・コンテスト」は日系人間に大きい興味を持たれているが、コンテストをはじめてから一九五四年で四年目、明るくもう五年も續くことになります。過去四年間に「早生れベビー」として本社からお祝いをうけたベビー十四人とも二世夫婦の間に生れた三世ばかり。うち一人は日白夫婦に生れた混血兒。一九五四年度の早生れはレスブリッジ市の大野正春氏夫妻の息アーサー君、元旦の午前三時二十分に生れた「ニューイヤーベビー」であつた。コンテストの規則は次の通り。

▽一九五五年になつてから生れたベビーの日とタイムと場所(看護婦又はドクターの證明をそえること)

▽ベビーの兩親の名前と住所を來る一月十五日までに本社に通知すること。

●トロント聖公會日系人部のクリスマス禮拜は二十五日午前十一時から執行される。幼年聖洗式に始まり引續き聖洗式。今井牧師が司會して米村牧師と松尾、河野兩委員が補式する。

▲ハミルトン聖公會日系人部では二十六日(日)午後七時、壯年聖洗式とキャンドル禮拜、廿七日には早朝聖餐式が行われる。

●廣告訂正　第一部四ページの宮垣氏の分は取消し

△第一部九ページの北村登記載は「[illegible]の誤り」

特別號一部廿五仙
郵券同封御申込下さい

ご支援を感謝

本社の年末特別號に對して今年も讀者や各團體、商社から多くの名刺交換、祝賀廣告を頂きまして誠に有難く厚くお禮申上ます。昨年までは特別號を出したのちは元日すぎまで休刊しましたが、今年は十二月二十九日に本年最終版を出すことに致しました。なお年明けてからは一月五日に普通號を發行いたします。

ニューカナディアン

HOLIDAY SUPPLEMENT

THE NEW CANADIAN

ENGLISH Section I

VOL. 17 — NO. 99 WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1954. TORONTO, ONT.

B. K. SANDWELL -- Friend to All Canadians

by FRANK MORITSUGU

HUNDREDS of Japanese Canadians — Issei as well as Nisei — knew of B. K. Sandwell, who died this month in Toronto at the age of 78.

They knew of him mainly as a staunch friend of the Japanese in Canada. In editorials in the weekly magazine, Saturday Night, and in many public speeches and other activities, Dr. Sandwell sharply criticized the government's evacuation-relocation-repatriation-d[illegible]persal policy. At a time when our faith in Canada and Canadians was flickering in despair, he was one of a small group of men and women who revived that faith for us.

This is why news of his death brought a sharp sense of loss into many Japanese homes across the country.

ALTHOUGH MOST readers of The New Canadian may remember him as "a friend of the Japanese Canadians," Bernard Keble Sandwell probably never thought of himself in those terms. He wasn't being partial to the Japanese in Canada when he fought for our rights — he was just sticking to his belief in the liberal tradition of justice, freedom and fair play.

Dr. Sandwell was a man of considerable accomplishments. In this 20th Century world of specialists, he was a bit old-fashioned — he could do many things well. Firstly, "B.K.", as he was known, was a great magazine editor. Under his editorship, Saturday Night attained top rank as a Canadian voice of opinion in politics, literary matters and the arts. He himself wrote some of the most civilized, reasoned and witty editorials ever produced in this country. He was also a founder of the Canadian Authors Association. He wrote two books himself — The Privacity Agent, a collection of humorous essays, and The Canadian Peoples. For his magazine and for other publications, he was drama critic, music critic and book critic. In all his work, this English-born immigrant did much to put Canadian literature on its feet.

He was also a respected scholar — traditionally an unusual qualification for a journalist. He interrupted his newspaper and magazine career with university teaching. He was a professor of economics at McGill, and head of the English department at Queen's. As an economist, he was an expert on population problems. As an English teacher, he fought a strong battle for good usage throughout his journalistic career. Dr. Sandwell could write a brief editorial in Saturday Night about bad or sloppy English — and make you chuckle while you got his point.

He was a superb after-dinner speaker. In fact, some Japanese Canadian groups in Eastern Canada have been fortunate enough to hear him. They understand why he was considered one of the half-dozen men in the country who proved that after-dinner speeches could be the [illegible] resistance of the evening. He [illegible] also a devastating platform speaker. A speech he made in 1947 at a civil liberties meeting in Winnipeg is one I remember well. It was full of humor, [illegible] had lots of [illegible]. The Sandwell humor, spoken or written, had nothing of the bulldozer about it. Instead it was like a keen knife being used by a [illegible] craftsman.

He was highly respected [illegible] for his many accomplishments and [illegible] in his later years [illegible] heaped on him by academic, literary and journalistic circles.

AND HE WAS loved by many — hated by very few. This in itself was a unique achievement for a man who did so much and had so much influence on what went on in Canada. The editorials and obituaries that came in the wake of his death were more than the usual gestures made towards well-known personages. In them was love, respect and pride that Canadians had had among them a citizen such as he.

I have suggested that B. K. Sandwell was an "old-fashioned" type of man because he could do so many things well. He was "old-fashioned" in still another sense. The warmth that showed between the lines of his editorials and speeches was a vital part of the man himself that he was willing to share with all comers. Unlike most modern executives who are always "too busy" behind a bristling barrier of receptionists, secretaries and executive assistants, Dr. Sandwell was a man you could always get in to see, no matter who you were. I know because I was lucky enough to experience this old-fashioned bigness of the man.



His interest and kindness to his fellow men was so widespread, some years ago a magazine article on Dr. Sandwell mentioned that he was notorious for helping out young would-be's, has-beens, never-will-be's and plain ordinary bums. Many men and women who have since become established in their fields owed their start to this learned, wise and keen-minded man. One of them is William Arthur Deacon, the venerable book editor of the Toronto Globe and Mail. He recalled on the week of B. K. Sandwell's death that it was Sandwell the editor who helped him get started when he was "just a young unknown in the West, trying to write."

I, too, was given a boost by Dr. Sandwell eight years ago. I'd like to tell you about it.

IN 1946, I was fresh out of the service, in my mid-twenties, and not at all sure where I was going next. I invaded Toronto to find a job. Dr. Sandwell, then editor of Saturday Night, was one person I approached. I chose him because I [illegible] he might be sympathetic to [illegible] imagined problem: how to get a journalistic job although Japanese.

He gave me an appointment immediately although he had never heard of me before. His office in the Consolidated Press building on Richmond Street was typical of the old-time editor. Simple and [illegible], it sported a desk that was hidden under a mess of clippings, manuscripts, letters and other papers. Some long galley proofs hung on a tall vicious-looking spike on the desk. The windows of his office looked out on the dirty commercial buildings across the way. Streetcars and cars and trucks noisily brushed by below.

Dr. Sandwell sat by his desk, bespectacled and a little rumpled. He was a spare, slightly stooped man. But his eyes were spry and kind.

He wanted to know — as I was a Japanese Canadian — if I knew why the Japanese in B.C. were refusing to come east and be "dispersed". At that time the repatriation furor had just died down. The people in ghost towns were suspiciously resisting any attempt to get them to leave B.C. Could I write an article about it? he asked. I'd never written anything for any publication grander than The New Canadian, but I said, Yes, I thought I could.

I left the office, feeling much better than I had felt before my talk with him. B. K. Sandwell had been interested in me! In my ears echoed joyously his parting words, Can't pay you much but it might give you something to do in between job-hunting, Mr. Moritsugu.

The article was duly written in three weeks of a sultry Toronto summer. I will spare you the depressing details of the agony that went into it. I was a callow youth with high school education and some time spent on The New Canadian. I was fresh out of the Army after spending a year overseas. About what was going on in B.C. ghost towns, I knew from nothing. I bought a book on magazine article writing, studied many issues of Saturday Night so I could pick up its measured scholarly style, did some research and wrote the article. It was submitted after several rewrites I did on the good advice of two friends, Irene Uchida and Kunio Hidaka.

SOON AFTER, I moved to Winnipeg to join The New Canadian. In a few weeks, a personal note from Dr. Sandwell arrived. He liked the article, and would use it with "a few minor changes." He also sent along a cheque for forty dollars — standard payment by his magazine for a 2000-word article.

You can imagine my ecstasy. I had made the grade in a national publication. I was going to frame the note. I would have framed the cheque, too — but I really couldn't afford it. Finally — I nearly died of suspense — the issue with the article appeared; I rushed out to buy six copies. As far as I could see, the only change made was the deletion of one paragraph. My family, my friends, my former teachers all wrote to tell me they were happy and proud.

I was on top of the world. I must have been insufferable.

However, I recount this episode in detail because of what it did for me. It was a fat hard boot in the pants in the direction of a journalistic career. It raised my self-confidence several notches. It made me believe what I'd been wondering about for some months: that I had a chance to make the grade in the journalistic profession.

But although this episode has been one of the milestones of my own development, I've often thought in the years since that to B. K. Sandwell the favor he did me was nothing unusual. Just as he wasn't being partial to Japanese Canadians when he supported our cause, he wasn't being partial to me when he gave a helping hand. Rather, doing favors of that sort was to him as much a part of his life as eating, sleeping, writing and editing.

The note I received from Dr. Sandwell is now stored away in a box of things that I am saving to show my children when they are old enough to understand what they mean. In that box, I have a second note from him. It also shows that B. K. Sandwell was the kind of man who was never too busy to give time to others. It was all a part of his "old-fashioned" philosophy — that what happened to others was his business, too.

Shortly after the magazine article appeared, I was in a dilemma. I had some DVA education credits. I had decided to train for journalism. But I didn't know what courses to take for this training.

I discussed this problem with my high school journalism teacher in Vancouver. She is another good friend. She wrote, Why not ask Dr. Sandwell? He knows universities and obviously he would know about journalistic training.

IT HADN'T occurred to me to write to him. After all, you just don't go bothering important people like him with your petty personal problems. But if my teacher felt it was all right, then why not?

His reply to my letter of query was almost immediate. "Dear Moritsugu," he started on the note with the letterhead "SATURDAY NIGHT, from the office of the editor." He compared the merits of the journalism courses at Carleton College in Ottawa and the University of Western Ontario. He also suggested that a good liberal arts course would be just as good — and mentioned the kind of subjects I should take.

I did [illegible] Dr. Sandwell's [illegible] a few [illegible] I [illegible] University of Toronto where I naturally spent

(Continued on Next Page)

B. K. SANDWELL

(Continued from Page One)

most of my time on the undergraduate daily, The Varsity. B. K. Sandwell was one of the early editors of the paper and I took on myself the pleasant duty of asking him to contribute to an anniversary issue we put out. He complied with a warmly humorous comment on the difference between his undergraduate days and ours. He also remembered me from my Winnipeg days. It was only natural that as editor I should ask him to be the speaker at the annual banquet that is the high point of the year for the half-a-hundred staff members of The Varsity.

In my final year, I saw B. K. Sandwell for the last time. A campus men's club devoted to historical studies held one of its meetings at his home. I attended as a member. He was a splendid host. As you might expect, he was the rare type of older man who is perfectly at home with young students. I said that I envied him the walls of books that lined his home. Dr. Sandwell smiled: very few of the books had cost him any money, he said. Most were the ill-gotten gains of a lifetime of book reviewing. The only way to build up a library, he said with a twinkle.

Commenting on my curiosity about his books, he invited me to come up some afternoon for tea and to browse among his bookshelves. I said eagerly that I would very much like to do this.

I must now confess that I never did take up this invitation. It's hard to imagine how it was possible to think myself so busy with other things that I never found an afternoon open for a visit. The incredible stupidity that threw away such a golden opportunity has made me burn with shame for some years.

B. K. SANDWELL was a first-rate man in many things. But even if he had not been an excellent editor, writer, scholar and speaker, he still would have been a great Canadian. For what is greater than a man who is big enough to help others as a matter of course? If his example is followed by even only a few of those he influenced, this world of ours will become a much pleasanter place in which to live.

FIRST PRIZE, Short Story Contest

NIGHT WALK

by NANCY AYUKAWA
Iron Springs, Alta.

THE BLACK-roofed houses slowly blended into the darkness and one by one the lights replaced the brown framed windows. Beyond, the solid outline of the mountains made them look more massive and overpowering than the blue hills that they were.

Presently a figure walked past each window, disappeared behind four box cars, then reappeared on the tracks. He stopped for a moment to fasten the zipper on his windbreaker. He turned his ear to the distant yelping of a dog, thrust his hands in his pockets, then sighed and moved on, each pace slowing as darkness crept to his feet.

Coming to the end of the network of tracks, he turned to look at the lighted windows. Only the kitchen window was lighted at his house, and he supposed that his father would still be sitting in the dark parlor.

It's funny, he thought, how often his father went for walks in the dark, angry or troubled, and returned quietly as though he had just come home. There was nowhere one could go except to walk the dirty, coal-dusted road in front of the houses or the ties on the tracks. Surely his father would not need a walk so badly that he would climb that bank to be on the clean, paved highway. The boy's eleven-year-old mind could not perceive what comfort there could be in being alone in the night. Quickly he looked about him and then again to his kitchen window. For a brief moment he thought of running home.

Then, remembering his mother's shaking voice and his father's low rumble, he scrambled a few feet up the bank and sat down. He did not know what it was all about but he knew there was something terribly wrong in the way his father had walked in, sullen and gray, his mother following into the parlor with a questioning frown but saying not a word.

The twins had looked happy sitting on the kitchen floor, drawing lines with their spoons, while he had stood at the stove, wondering if he should continue stirring the tomato soup.

Through the closed door, he had heard his mother say, "Oh, no!" Then a few muffled murmurs, a shuffling of feet and his father's rebuke: "I knew what I was doing . . ."

Henry did not stay to hear any more. He pulled the pan to the side, put on the lid, and with a backward glance at the twins, picked up his coat and walked out.

It was simple enough, walking out. He wasn't really afraid of the dark, so why shouldn't he stay out until all was well at home? His father did it well enough. Tonight he can sit at home and think, if he must.

But Henry could not think of anything pleasant to pass the time. Maybe they're having supper now, he thought. If his father was not sitting alone in the dark parlor, then he was wasting his time here, waiting for nothing. He liked tomato soup . . .

He thought he heard something behind him. Turning, he looked up to the highway but, seeing no sign of an approaching car, he decided to start for home. If he walked slowly it would take a while.

Then this time he was sure. There was something or someone behind him. He waited, wondering whether to run, or just to walk away as though he hadn't noticed. It could be an injured dog, he thought. If he could take it home and save its life! The idea of being a hero quickened his heart and in his anxiety he almost called out, but just at that instant a low moan from somewhere to his left alerted him. Having satisfied himself that only a man could moan that way, he called out. He got no reply. "Who's there?" he called again, and waited.

This time he heard a distinct call for help. Breathing heavily with excitement, he moved towards the sound. So this was adventure . . . a little fear, a little anticipation, curiosity and compassion. Guided by the periodic moans and grunts, he moved to the left, peering ahead. Although he could see more in the moonlight now, he still did not see any sign of the man.

"Where are you?" he said, almost to himself.

"Here . . . over here . . ." came the painful reply, almost making Henry run in fright.

The man was breathing in moans but, when Henry reached his side, the breathing stopped. Then, with a sigh, the stranger's chest heaved again and he stretched out his hand as he said, "Get me doctor. I won't . . . I can't last much longer." His voice croaked and he finished in a whisper: "Get me doctor . . ."

Henry looked down at the man at his feet. "Uncle Matt!" he exclaimed. "You're back!" He dropped to his knee and watched as his uncle's face slowly took him in. It had been over three years, and Henry wondered if his uncle recognized him.

"Kid, kid . . . it's you." Henry thought he noted a touch of disappointment. "Go get a doctor, kid. Y'gotta hurry!"

Rising, Henry put his hands in the back pockets of his jeans. "I thought Dad told you not to come around here again," he said in the tone that an adult would use to a child. His uncle didn't seem surprised or interested that Henry should know of that. He blankly opened his eyes and tried to lift his head.

"I remember . . . you hit Dad. He didn't do anything and you had to hit him! You broke Mom's blue lamp and Dad told you . . ."

"Ah kid, please . . . Don't just stand there — — go on!" He was trying hard to shout.

"You thought you were so smart. Do you know what you are? You're just a tramp! I wish you weren't my uncle!" In his confusion, Henry was just as close to tears as he was to anger.

"I'm dying," the man choked. "Can't you see? I'm dying!"

Henry simply stood and stared. Did everybody who died look like that? It did not seem possible that a person could breathe so heavily and still be dying. It occurred to Henry that this might not be the first time that his uncle had whined of his doom. "Serves you right . . ." he said aloud.

"It'll be your fault . . . it'll be your fault if I die."

"I didn't do anything," Henry retorted. "I didn't have to come up here. Nobody knows . . ." He stopped.

". . . I knew what I was doing . . ." his father had said. Had he done this to Uncle Matt? Did Dad know that Uncle Matt was dying here? The answer was already with him before he finished asking himself the questions. If Uncle Matt dies . . . Don't they put people in jail for things like that? He couldn't let his father go to jail. It would be his fault. Is that what Uncle Matt was saying?

"Are you dying?" Henry asked.

His uncle didn't reply. He moved his mouth and gestured with his hand but he didn't say a thing.

"Dr. Riley's hard to find sometimes," Henry said, "but I'll try." Turning, he started down the bank, but after a few feet he paused for a moment, afraid to leave lest his uncle should die if there was no one to talk to him. Realizing the importance of saving his uncle's life, he slid and dashed, slowing his pace over the tracks, and stopped for a moment at the end. No, he mustn't try anyone else. He must find Dr. Riley himself. He crossed the road, hurried by five houses and went directly to the front door when he saw the parlor light was on.

With glasses on and a newspaper under his arm, Dr. Riley opened the door.

"There's a man up there," Henry said breathlessly, swinging his arm behind him. "He's hurt and he says he's going to die."

"I'll be right with you, Henry," the doctor said, and disappeared from the doorway. He returned shortly, thrusting a flashlight in Henry's hand. "You lead the way, boy."

"But I . . ." He didn't know quite what to say but he had expected the doctor to go alone . . . At least he hadn't expected to go back. The doctor waved him on.

"Maybe he can't be moved, in which case you'll have to come back for some help. I wish we had an ambulance," the doctor said in an undertone. "You say he's up the bank?"

"Uh huh. Not far from the highway," Henry replied.

"Who is he? Do you know him?"

Must he lie? No . . . no it wouldn't seem to be a lie — not really. "It was dark. I couldn't see who it was."

"Well, we'll see," said the doctor as they walked behind the flashlight beam.

The man was still alive when they reached him. Henry was directed to hold the light although he fidgeted and protested. If the doctor thought the boy's attitude to a little adventure was rather strange, he didn't mention it.

"Just a little longer. Then we'll go back."

"And leave him here?"

"If you'll carry my bag and the light, I'll carry him."

The doctor returned his equipment to his bag, tucked his shirt under his belt, and lifted the man to his shoulder. The doctor was not a large man but he was young, and, although he swayed a little under the weight, he steadied himself and trod down the bank with Henry beside him.

Prompted to a haste he could not understand, for he would surely have to explain his prolonged absence, Henry hurried home, his anxiety falling into relief, and then to quiet apprehension. He surprised himself with his casualness in saying he had taken a walk. Nothing more was said.

With the simplicity of youth, he quickly dismissed the incident from his mind when no mention was made of his uncle either at home or in town. Had it been anyone but his uncle, his bursting pride would have told the town of a glorified rescue.

Forgetting what one wanted to was not very difficult; awakening to a rude memory intensified reality. Henry's stomach leaped to his throat when, a few days later, he saw his uncle walking . . . walking toward their house.

The slingshot which he had been assembling with such great care was now a neglected piece of rubber band and wire. He moved to the west wall away from the front door, and assumed the position of something like a spy. It seemed funny to Henry that his uncle should choose a Sunday. Uncle Matt wouldn't care, of course, but his father would have to watch his language.

Uncle Matt greeted Henry's father at the door with a sarcastic formality. Henry visualized his father's surprised look. He guessed he would hear shouting soon.

Time dragged as though teasing them to continue in silence. Henry had the impulsive feeling that his father might be staring at the visitor, believing in ghosts. It was the quiet voice of his father that broke the silence. "So you're still here."

"I couldn't have gone if I had wanted to," came the reply. No triumph — perhaps a little regret. "I came to see the kid."

So! The last word is what he wants. It was not enough that his life was saved. Henry clenched his teeth.

"He's not home," his father answered. "Why should you want to see him?"

"Because I only got one life. And even if you don't think much of it, I do. Now where's the kid?"

"What did Henry do that makes you so gracious all of a sudden? You haven't got any more use for kids than you have for a little sweat!"

"All right!" The fact finally hurt him a little. He lowered his voice. "Maybe the car should've killed me but, seeing that I'm still livin', the kid's gonna get the satisfaction of knowin' that I appreciated it."

Henry walked slowly to the front door. He caught his father's eye on him, then his uncle's. There was only one question in Henry's mind. "Did a car hit you?" he asked.

(Continued on Page Six)

What "JCCA" Means to Me

by ED IDE

WHAT JCCA means to me: this takes me back to the days of evacuation, to a day in April, 1942, when I was one in a group of men to arrive at a quite desolate spot named Taft.

Taft, B.C., consisted of a railway station, houses scattered here and there, no stores, a few railway boxcars which were to be our homes until better accommodations could be provided. As weeks passed, there were more new arrivals. Bunkhouses and mess house were completed; new camps sprung up, until within a few months, six camps were filled to capacity along the Sicamous-Revelstoke highway.

In places such as road camps, grievances are likely to arise among the men. In the Taft camp there were complaints about the food, the work, the pay, week-end passes, armed guards, and many other details. At first the men took their complaints individually to the head foreman of the camp, but satisfaction seldom resulted.

Finally everyone concerned decided that a committee should be formed among the men for the channelling of all problems to the proper authorities through one voice. This done, the desired results were obtained. In serving on the first committee of that Taft road camp, I gained much valuable experience in working with people.

In the following year it was my good fortune to be in London, Ont., and to be a member of the London Nisei Organization. My close association with many friends in London is never to be forgotten.

While I was there, the organizations of St. Thomas, Chatham and London were very closely knit, and the Japanese Canadian Western Ontario Regional Conference was initiated. The encouraging results of the conference in further understanding of our problems and toward some unity of the Canadian Japanese were very satisfying to all of us who attended.

In London, also, I remember a gathering at which the late Dr. B. K. Sandwell was guest speaker. A champion of equal rights for all men, Dr. Sandwell discussed the problems of the Japanese in Canada as citizens of the country. I could not help but feel at that time, as I still do, that we must help ourselves — we must take the initiative and become actively interested in the welfare of the Canadian Japanese and the communities in which they live.

In 1947 the Toronto JCCD (Japanese Canadian Citizens for Democracy) was speaking in terms of a national organization to represent the Japanese Canadians as one voice, with the ultimate aim of the erasure of the many restrictions against the Canadian citizens of Japanese ancestry. As a result of their untiring efforts, the National JCCA was formed in Toronto in 1948 at the first national conference of Japanese Canadians, with representations from the various provinces. The realization of the national set-up was a high point in my experience in working with people and strengthened my confidence in them.

Much credit is due the JCCD for having taken the initiative in those years. As years have passed, the urgent work has diminished, but are we to forget so easily the time and effort expended by those many members of JCCA and its predecessor organizations in giving us equality as Canadian citizens?

And what has JCCA given to me? I have enjoyed intimate fellowship and understanding with many persons whom I have met in various regional conferences. JCCA has given me the confidence to speak in public and the privilege of representing the Japanese community at many functions. One of my proudest moments came when the Crown Prince of Japan made his visit and I had the honor of representing the Japanese Canadian citizens at Convocation Hall.

Quite recently, I spoke at the Tenth Congress of the Czechoslovakian Association of Canada as a representative of the Toronto JCCA. By attending that gathering, I began to realize the extent of personal time and effort the Czechoslovakian Canadians were giving to help bring about a free Czechoslovakia. Some understanding of their problems has added to my ideas of what JCCA should do.

Yes, JCCA has given me much to be thankful, for it has given me the opportunity to be of some service to the Japanese Canadians.

JCCA, to me, means service. The work of the Japanese Canadian Citizens' Association should be not only to assist the Canadian Japanese, but also to discuss mutual problems in cooperation with other ethnic groups, service clubs, etc. The aim of the JCCA today should be to contribute its share on behalf of the Japanese Canadians to make each local community, the whole Canadian nation, the world, a better place in which to live.

JCCA has done well, but I am looking to the future, stressing not what the organization has accomplished, but what it can do for the benefit of all mankind. Let us not allow the JCCA to fade away; let us strive to strengthen it and make it an organization of which we can continue to be proud.

Tuum Est

by BETTY WANGENHEIM



THE AUTHOR

YOUR editors have very kindly offered me space in this Christmas issue to extend Season's Greetings to you all and to express my thanks to all those who have so courteously and painstakingly taken time out of their busy lives in order to help me. As many of you in and around Toronto will know, I am now a graduate Sociology student making a study of present conditions among the Japanese in this area, a task which would be impossible without your cooperation. I do hope, however, that there will be others among you, now scattered far and wide across Canada, who may remember me from the confused days of 1941 when, having unwittingly wandered into the B.C. Security Commission in search of a summer job, I found myself on Powell Street and determined to do all I could to make the harsh process of evacuation less painful. I was, and am, aware that all such small individual attempts at helping are very feeble in such a time of chaotic upset but nevertheless I hope I was able in some small way to relieve the anxiety and bewilderment of at least a few. I have always been grateful to those of you who, in the midst of your own turmoil and insecurity, still took the time and made the effort to make me feel more at ease.

I must also take this opportunity to express publicly to your editors my gratitude for the help they have given me during the past year. Not only did they give me full access to all the files of The New Canadian but they have also devoted many hours to answering the many questions that occurred to me in the course of my reading. I have, unfortunately, had to confine myself to reading the English sections, but even there I was often bewildered by the number of Japanese words in romaji sprinkled through the pages. Your editors have always been willing to give me translations and, even more important, have explained the significance of words and of various customs referred to. They have also shown a delightful willingness to allow themselves to be led off on tangents into long discussions on all sorts of topics and through them I feel I have come closer to developing an appreciation (though I dare not say a real knowledge) of the artistic values of Japanese art and poetry.

Which brings me to the subject I want to discuss with you. Let me first say that here I am not talking as a sociologist (from that jargon and gobbledegook may we all be spared!) but as an ordinary Canadian with fairly strong but sometimes confused ideas on what Canada is and Canadians should be and how best to achieve these ends. Secondly, may I say that, while I quite definitely have no desire to annoy or insult anyone, still I don't expect you all to agree with what I say and if you don't agree, please tell me so. And please don't think you have to spare my feelings. I enjoy an argument, and besides, I would be truly interested in your opinions.

Well then! Reading through the files of the "New Canadian" of the past fifteen years has not been all work. Indeed some of it has been extremely enjoyable. Through the years you have been blessed with a succession of columnists, some of whom were of very high calibre. From many articles and stories I have derived much help for my research, as they helped me to get the "feel" of certain situations or discussed in detail your reactions in regard to world events or traditional customs. But there were other articles so delightfully and informatively written that I forgot all about "scientific objectivity" and read them eagerly, fascinated by the new vistas for personal enjoyment that they opened up to me. There were articles on Japanese poetry, painting, flower arranging, various forms of dancing and other forms of artistic expression. What particularly pleased me was that the authors took pains to elaborate and explain not only what was done but also why it was done, the historical background and also the present significance and appeal they have to people. I had previously gained some knowledge of Japanese painting through visits to art galleries, but never before had I known anything worthwhile about the other forms of artistic expression. Now I began to become aware of their potentialities and to in some way understand why so many Japanese derived satisfaction from them. To be sure, this is a long way from developing a rude personal appreciation of these arts — but it is a first step. My point is that under ordinary circumstances I might never have been in a situation stimulating me and enabling me to take that first step towards such an appreciation.

I gather that in the past few years there has been considerable discussion among you about contributing to the growth of a Canadian culture [illegible] of the best facets of Japanese cultural life. Fine! That is a wonderful idea! Even though the phrase "cultural melting-pot" is perhaps a little hackneyed, still Canadians do come of extremely varied cultural ancestries and only through the growth of understanding and appreciation of each other's heritage just as difficult to become accustomed for a truly enriched and unified Canada. And you Canadians of Japanese origin quite definitely have something to offer.

Well then, how are you going about it? Some attempts I know about: Whenever you are asked to participate in some sort of Folk Festival, you very gladly have several girls dressed up in traditional costumes dance an odori. Or perhaps some of you display traditionally dressed dolls at a Church bazaar or even lend a cherished painting for an art showing. This is all well and good but does it really achieve the desired result? I am not too optimistic. For one thing, a great many people just do not go to folk festivals and bazaars unless strongly urged. And even if they do, I don't believe that just looking at things in a crowded room is sufficient. One must to some extend understand in order to appreciate. All of us quite naturally judge new things in terms of what we already know and hold dear. And if something does not fit in comfortably and effortlessly with our cherished ideas and customs, we tend instinctively to reject it as bad or at any rate consider it 'queer'. You Nisei must recall instances when things you had learned to like were rejected by your parents or other Issei because they just didn't fit in with the Japanese ways of doing things. However, in the same way that the Issei have learned to like dancing once they understand it is not the the immoral custom they once believed it to be, so can the hakujin learn to appreciate the Japanese cultural contribution once they have been helped to understand that the significance of a certain dance or song or poem fulfils in a certain way an emotional need in the Japanese for which people of some other cultural background find satisfaction in some other way. In other words, by finding out that, though different, we are all similar.

So now we come back to the principal point. People have to be helped to understand and appreciate the cultural contribution of other groups. To how many persons have you personally explained the difference between bon odori and any other kind? Or demonstrated the significance of land, sea and sky in flower arranging? Or told about the historical backgrounds of kabuki and Noh? Or explained what different dolls stand for and described the doll festival? Or made people aware of some measure of the pleasure derived by simple ordinary people from writing and listening to the reading of the different types of Poetry? Or introduced to the wonders of Japanese cooking (this being a form of artistic expression just as important as all the others and perhaps and point of view can we ever hope to)? You may say that no one has ever asked you about these things and therefore no one is interested. This is not necessarily so. Many people who might become very much interested in these forms may never have become aware of their existence or else may know of them but be too shy to ask for explanations or to venture to attend any performance where otherwise the audience is exclusively nihonjin. Does that idea seem strange to you? Well, it shouldn't. Japanese are not the only ones who are often shy when it comes to attending gatherings in unfamiliar surroundings where one may be handicapped through not knowing the language or the proper way to behave or they may even be a little nervous about being conspicuously different from all those around them. I will admit that even I, who do know by now quite a bit about your various ways of thinking and acting, would think twice about going to a concert or other such performance, however much I might be interested in seeing it, unless some of you whom I know would go with me to explain things and also to make me feel more at ease. Now, if that is the way I feel about it, just put yourselves in the place of others who know nothing about 'things Japanese', even though they might be willing to learn and even though they were on very good terms with those of you whom they had had the opportunity to meet personally.

So it seems to me that, if you are really serious about making your contribution to the growth of a rich Canadian culture — and I sincerely hope you are — then you will have to make greater efforts on the individual person to person basis, perhaps even going out of your way to interest people in what you have to offer. It won't be easy but I am firmly convinced that the end result would bring satisfaction to you all, and could help to make the general life in this country more enjoyable.

Vancouver JCCA Nisei: Industrial League Champs.



— Courtesy Fuji Photos

NIGHT WALK

(Continued from Page Three)

His uncle did not elaborate. "I wasn't seein' too good, and I suppose I wasn't standin' too straight." That was all. A car hit him. And his Dad? Henry thought that now he knew what had happened.

"Maybe you didn't want to, kid, but you saved my life. I won't forget it, kid. Thanks." It thrilled Henry's heart to hear the simple word "thanks". Coming from his uncle whom he knew to be such an ungrateful person, it was a great reward.

Uncle Matt turned to leave. But, as though calculating his last speech, he faced his brother. "You don't have to worry about me shamin' you. My stay here didn't hurt you none . . . . The doc don't know who I am and he's been paid to keep quiet about the old tramp." He looked at Henry. "I didn't like being humiliated in front of all them men. Okay, to them I ain't your brother. You tell them your brother don't drink, don't smoke, don't . . . you tell them your brother is a saint!" He turned his back, muttering, ". . . there'll be no fist-flingin' around here . . . ."

His departure was like the passing of a rain storm. The hush of the wind, the lightness in the air, the clearness of the mind. Henry watched the rounded back, the straight head moving away, and he remembered the face moaning, begging and sleeping there on the bank.

CINDERELLA ... in retrospect

by CINDERELLA

I HAVE a great aversion to being put on the shelf before I am ready for it. It is, I guess, a trait of character which I come by quite legitimately. I understand I had a grandmother on my father's side who lived to the venerable age of 80, and challenged anyone who was interested that she could drink him under the table with first quality sake any time without losing her dignity. And my mother has some very novel reasons for not being able to hear, and would rather drop dead than be caught sporting a hearing aid. My father, almost to the day he died, was 45 years old, although his birth certificate revealed him closer to 65.

Therefore, it gave me something of a jolt to have my present editor tell me that I have been associated in one way or another with The New Canadian for about 15 years. Perhaps, he suggested, I would have some fond recollections.

I ran to my mirror and realized my slacks and sweater just wouldn't do. They didn't let me feel that old or that nostalgic! I scouted around for one of those lacy, be-ribboned bonnets made famous by Whistler, who made his mother pose in one, — a really handy concoction which could be used as a tea cosy or a butterfly net in a pinch — forced myself into a chair which in some ways resembled a rocker, tilted my spectacles on my nose and "let myself grow into the part of a reminiscing old lady" in true Stanislavsky manner.

I should begin, creaking in my joints, and quavering like a hollow reed, "Oh my dear me, yes ... fifteen years is a long time ... a very long time!" But the truth of the matter is that, for me, those fifteen years have sped by on winged feet. It seems like yesterday when, fresh out of college, I was asked to "fill in" for a clever and witty columnist and try my hand at writing "Candlelight and Wine". Thinking back on it now, I remember I tried very hard to live up to what a college graduate was expected to be. Oh, I had very definite ideas! I was to be, first and foremost, an intellectual woman! Secondly, so help me God, I would not write chit-chat trash! And here I blush to think of the many columns I have filled, carried away by the exuberance of my feelings at the moment, confident though inexperienced, and lacking nothing in fancy and imagination. Thirdly, I vowed I would never write anything to which I would be ashamed to sign my name. Yes, I had a lot to learn.

The first several columns written under these conditions were noticed favorably by a select reading public of two members, myself and the lad who labored under the illusion that I would eventually turn out to be a "mind". The next was a column on women's clothes. My editor told me it need not be an intellectual treatise, merely a comment on women's fashions. I, who had at that time not enough money to buy clothes and was, anyway, at that stage of my development where I could be happy in "just anything", buckled down, making it clear to my editor that this was definitely a matter of my "condescending to come down quite a piece ...". I finished it, and refused to sign it. "What about a by-line?" ventured the editor. "Oh", said I, "any old thing will do, so long as it is not a ridiculous one like Cinderella!" Thus "Femme Fare" was born, by-lined by Cinderella! That was a long time ago.

Those two years with The New Canadian just before Evacuation were exciting ones. Looking back now, I realize I had an editor who was discerning enough to discover and point out to me the style which was the truest expression of myself as I was, not as I wished to be thought. He gave me a free hand, showing me in subtle ways that one need not be ashamed of sentiment. In short, I learned that a woman's column need not be a namby-pamby, chit-chat affair. For that I am eternally grateful. And looking back now, I am grateful for all those people who came in and out of the offices on Powell Street. I had grown up in a small town, intensely Canadian in outlook, having undergone the usual disillusions of an offspring of Japanese parentage. I had never come in touch with all the different kinds of people who made up the Japanese community. The two years with The New Canadian were my "finishing school". Looking back I know that, strange as it may sound, I shall never write again with so much heart, so much giving of myself as I did when I looked out of my window onto Powell Street. I wrote and wrote ... columns on etiquette, because we Niseis were not yet of age and were still wanting in the finer things of the social set, columns on the ideals and aims and desires of the [illegible] of a New Canada, little vignettes on the personalities that passed my way. Powell Street, that brave street, that [illegible] thoroughfare, had many tales to tell ... all new and untouched. And the greatest tales there were never written, for they touched the friends I knew and respected, [illegible] would be the first to shrug it off as the only thing [illegible] under those circumstances.

I think Evacuation has [illegible] different things to different people. I remember that day, that awful day when I stood for the last time at that window, looking at the typewriter which had been mine for two years. We had all said the flip things — our Niseis were going to build the Trans-Canada Highway; that it would be a better fate, this evacuation, than facing gunfire; that I would have a wonderful time practicing my psychological theories on the evacuees. But it didn't take away the feeling that I had been a traitor to my readers. Where was the wonderful, shining future I used to rave about?

Sandon will always be home to me. No individual can remain unresponsive to one's environment. Thrown into an environment with people whose ideas were alien to mine, living with a bitter and antagonistic people, who would confound me with the meanness to which they could stoop one day, and then surprise me with such dignity of spirit and racial pride the next, something of the bitterness went out of my heart. There were many things to do. There were children to be taught, clothing to be given out, mixed-up teenagers to straighten out — and sometimes the wonder of a Sandon moonlight, and the hushed peace of a virgin countryside.

Looking back in retrospect, all these tragic events have fallen into a pattern, like pieces in a jigsaw puzzle, and the end result is one which, even in the heyday of my most idealistic period, I never dreamed [illegible]. Out of [illegible] experience has now fitted into a pattern.

Today, all the peculiar conflicting thoughts I had harbored as an insecure Nisei, have resolved themselves. Today, being a Japanese Canadian is for me no longer a tragic thing but a wonderful experience. I sit back now and enjoy being [illegible] Canadian, enjoy [illegible] from the rest of the crowd ... much as I once decried being different, I revel in the knowledge that my heritage is a little different, that the slant of my eyes something makes me the centre of a crowd. I think I am even a little in love with the fact that I am a Canadian of Japanese parentage and rather enjoy the curiosity that this fact invokes in others. Out of the crucible of strange events I have come to this.

And now, with these remarks, none of which will be postmarked for posterity, I crawl out from behind the bonnet, spectacles and rocking chair. If my grandmother on my father's side could hold [illegible] drinking bout at [illegible] can ignore the fact [illegible] grave, and [illegible] 15 years [illegible] finding out, I [illegible] I have to be rushed [illegible] pro[illegible]

I [illegible] itary.

HOLIDAY SUPPLEMENT

THE NEW CANADIAN

ENGLISH Section 2

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THE QUIET FORCE

. . . a personal recollection

by S. K.

READERS OF The New Canadian, who also lend a regular ear or eye to the outlets of Canadian culture, have been treated this past year to an interesting exposé of one of our most-publicized, but obviously least-known, institutions. Hollywood seems to have sparked it some time ago by whomping up a movie called "Saskatchewan". Those who suffered through it will recall it featured the Canadian Rockies in technicolor, Shelley Winters in décolletage, and Alan Ladd in quick-change tricks from shabby buckskins to resplendent Mountie uniform. The movie turned out to be such hokum that the whole of the RCMP seems to have blushed scarlet. Canada's "national magazine", stung to the quick of the national honor, leapt to the defense. In a series of six articles last summer, Maclean's started out to rescue the Mounties from the malarkey by featuring that sober, down-to-earth police force as it really is. But if the spirit of Hollywood was temporarily subdued, like the Eskimos from Edmonton it never gave up. By the end of the series, glamor was tall in the saddle, and the Mounties were getting their man. Now the RCMP have returned in what seems to be an officially approved version. This is the weekly CBC radio programme, evocatively titled "The Quiet Force." It's very good listening, too, even if Rawhide's interpretation is a little too literal, when he has the Force perform duty without uttering a sound.

Whatever the interpretation, any exposure to the RCMP is enough to stir some memories. We suppose that most of us, recalling the wartime evacuation, take some kind of personal interest in that police force. It was difficult enough for any of us who took part as protesting victims at that wholesale uprooting and expulsion ever to ignore the physical presence of the Mounties in those years. It was their duty to compel the registration, the fingerprinting, the little cards with photographs and numbers. It was they who enforced the leaving of homes, the reporting at stations, the boarding of trains, the settlement in relocation centres, road camps, farm labor projects. They issued and checked permits, descended on homes, searched the streets, and shepherded the suspected disloyal and the defiantly Canadian alike to detention and internment. They stood at the focus and in the background, weaving the whole web of surveillance, regulation and restriction. In everything that was most offensive to democratic freedom and personal dignity, the physical force and human compulsion was [illegible] in a uniform of yellow and [illegible]. The uniform was an ever-present [illegible], perhaps even a hateful reminder, [illegible] vengeful blast of organized so[illegible] [illegible] suddenly and unexpectedly turned [illegible].

SO FAR AS we know, there is extremely [illegible] concerning the role of [illegible] RCMP in the evacuation proceedings. [illegible] the scantiest of references is made [illegible] the annual reports of the [illegible]. The exploits of the police [illegible] tracking with [illegible] [illegible] the bush receive far [illegible]. The Maclean's magazine [illegible] dealt at length with [illegible] [illegible] Eskimos, drug peddlers [illegible] [illegible] but [illegible] of the [illegible] detention, evacuation and [illegible] [illegible] resettlement of [illegible] [illegible] and children from the coast [illegible] regions of British Columbia. Nor has the radio series, so far as we've caught it to date, touched upon it. Professor La Violette, in his academic "sociological and psychological account", refers frequently to the RCMP, but only in relation to the particular tasks assigned to them. All in all, as large an operation as it was, it seems to have been one of the quietest episodes in the whole history of the "Quiet Force". And possibly the conscience of Canada would have it permanently banished to the forgotten past as quickly as possible.

It seems, however, that the significance of the RCMP's role in the evacuation lies just in the lack of glamor, heroics and popular interest. The truth is there was little, if any, need for derring-do or scientific sleuthing. So far as we can recall, perhaps the most stubborn resistance the Mounties encountered throughout the whole proceedings was at the hands of a handful of strong-minded, elderly Issei women. Like Mad Trapper Johnson, they "gambari-ed" to the bitter end, and were finally escorted individually to the interior camps, still protesting their right to remain in their homes. Then there was the task of tracking down the men and boys who refused voluntarily to comply with evacuation orders. But this consisted chiefly of trailing through Powell Street, checking permits and registration cards, and no Sam Carr appeared to lead the police a merry chase. Two or three strikes or demonstrations took place in the camps, but they pale in historic interest when set alongside the gore of the Regina riots and the Battle of Ballantyne Pier.

No doubt the lack of overt conflict explains the neutral reaction of most of us today, so far as the RCMP are concerned. Although the police had to enforce all the distasteful compulsions that could not help but stir resentment and hostility, very little of this was ever directed against them, either personally or as a collective organization. In fact we cannot recall meeting any serious protest of bitterness or loud outburst of personal hostility levelled at the Force during all those long, tortuous months. It seems to us that the police, both individually and collectively, deserve considerable credit for this. In the circumstances of tension and disturbance, one might well have expected rather serious incidents to occur. Attitudes of arrogance or acts of physical brutality on the part of the police might not have been surprising. Perhaps it was realized that this could well have charged the atmosphere to the breaking point and focussed hostility directly upon the police. Fortunately, nothing of this actually happened — and this we record today as a truer tribute to the Force than any act of valor.

WE SUPPOSE that not a few of us can call to mind individual constables and officers, if not with any deep affection, at least with friendliness, respect and appreciation. There were many acts of kindness and demonstrations of friendly sympathy by individual members of the RCMP, thrust by accident of war into intimate contact with a strange, bewildered, disintegrating community. For ourselves, we recall that most of the Mounties were concerned only to do their jobs, impersonally and efficiently, and consequently with a minimum of officiousness. We think that most of us liked it best that way. One or two we met seemed more impressed by their uniforms, and were anxious to assert their dominance in particular situations. They come back to mind with much distaste, but fortunately they were the exceptions rather than the rule. We think that most New Canadian readers will bear out this impression.

Three or four of the Mounties we had occasion to encounter remain in our memories today as positive, individual human beings. We never got to know them well, partly because their uniforms, while a point of contact, were also a subtle barrier. But our experience with these men seemed to illuminate in one way or another our whole comprehension of a police force operating in a democratic country — its power, its mind and character.

ONE WE REMEMBER chiefly from contact in the interior relocation camp. A man of broad training and long experience with the Force, he came to the centre after a period of arduous and heroic service in the Arctic. Perhaps that exposure had quickened his appreciation of people as individual human beings, and made it possible for him to dominate his uniform rather than to be dominated by it. At any rate, although he wore it with a singular physical distinction, it was only an adjunct to a genuine personality. He was unfailingly cheerful, courteous, and helpful to us all. His chivalry to the aged Issei, men and women alike, you felt was instinctive and sure. He joked with the children, teased the young women, and cut away red tape. Where we had looked upon his young and callow predecessors in the centre as unavoidable evils, we all soon came to welcome the Corporal as a citizen, a man and a friend. As such, he gave stature to the Force.

A second was also a non-commissioned officer, whom we recall chiefly from the days just prior to and immediately after Pearl Harbor. Just what the Sergeant's role was has always been a mystery to us. We remember his boyish, wide grin, the red tinge in his hair, and the frank, confiding manner he always adopted, as if he were unfolding the top secrets of the Force. But you never really learned anything from him.

K[illegible] and ourselves used to speculate about him, his background and responsibilities, his contacts in the Japanese community. He used to turn up every once in a while, accompanied by a special constable who understood and spoke the Japanese language, and we imagined that he was the RCMP's chief agent, responsible for keeping a general tab on the whole Japanese community. We thought he [illegible] have gr[illegible] into that responsibility fr[illegible] [illegible] experience in the [illegible] [illegible] immigration, [illegible] [illegible] of activities [illegible] [illegible] area, particularly gambling rackets and the

(Continued on Page Eight)

MAS . . . . by Jack Nakamoto



"Sorry, but I'm a big boy now."

the milkman on his rounds

by T. M. K.

CHRISTMAS! and milk to deliver!
Br-r-r! This business makes me shiver:
Why can't they buy enough the day before
To save me all this extra chore
On Christmas morn,
On every Christmas morn!

The Watsons never leave their bottles out . . .
How'd she like to be without?
(Two whole quarts . . . a pint of cream . . .)
I'd like to smash her morning dream!
Here's the note I always write:
"Please put your bottles out each night."
Giddy-ap, you Horsey, Giddy-ap!
I've got to get my morning nap . . .

Next the Downings . . . bless her heart!
She never misses on her part.
Who, you Horsey, what do you know!
Here's a gift she left to show
She really does appreciate . . .
(Catch her growling when I'm late.)
The Baxters now . . . I hope he's up
To let me share a cheering cup . . .

He hasn't missed these seven years,
As soon as Horsey's tread he hears,
To open wide the door to greet
The early milkman from the street;
"Merry Christmas, Bert, you dope,
You can stand a glass, I hope?"
Giddy-ap, oh Giddy-up, you Horsey pal o' mine!
Sweet A-d-line . . .

* * *

And still the milkman wends his way,
Familiar rounds of every day,
Stopping here,
Stopping there,
Now very warm and cheery,
Tho' his eyes grow somewhat bleary.
The cheer that meets him at some houses . . .
Oh nectar of the happy souses! . . .
Works upon him like a charm.
(Good gosh, I hope he doesn't come to harm!)
Then at length the Horsey stops unreined
He is a horse superbly trained . . .
Before the end house on the block
Whose shuttered windows seem to mock
The solitary wagon and the solitary horse . . .
And the milkman's strange, zig-zagging course.

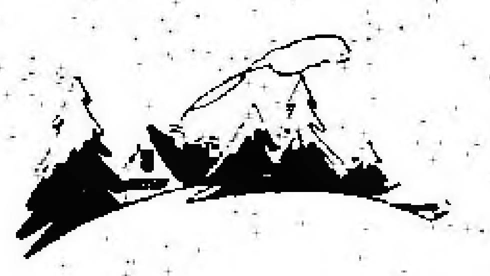
* * *

STEADY now! Steady!
Buddy, are you ready?
Horsey, can't you ever stop your whirling:
Must you set the milk a-twirling?
Haven't I enough to do,
Without my looking after you?
Now stop your weaving . . .
And your heaving . . .
Let me stand upon the ground.

Whoops-a-daisy: the earth turned round
And smacked me in the face just now!
If I drop this bottle . . . ugh! I'll be in an awful row,
Steady, boy, steady! Hang on tight!
A little to the left . . . no, better to the right . . .
The sidewalk seems to slip somehow . . .
It doesn't stay in place at . . . WOW!
Nearly got me with that monkey-shine . . .
Got to toe the sober line . . .
Funny how each Christmas past
This place has always been the last.
And ev'ry time it's the only one
To start this peculiar kind of fun . . .
Trying to trip me down and . . . well,
There seems to be a sort of spell!

Just the same you can't fool me;
I can reach that porch, y'see?
It'll take some time, you bet,
But . . . I haven't broken a bottle yet!





Men of Good Will

by T. M. K.

ADVENT ushers in the beginning of another Christian year on Christmas day, and a week later comes "O-Sho-Gatsu". In all countries where the New Year is greeted with traditional customs, often with the solemnity of religious dedications, there is a preparation, a cleaning up, with fresh resolves against old habits which we discard or hope to discard with the passing twelvemonth. The people taking part in these preparations with a realization of their meaning have kept a vitality of spirit that is now lost to many of our contemporaries.

How many of us remember the festive day when we were clean from the skin out, having bathed in what amounted to a ritual of washing off the old dirt and putting on freshly laundered and ironed clothes, if not new clothes; having got out of beds which had clean sheets and covers; having that scrubbed and starched feeling that lasted practically the whole day? These were the outward physical marks of the annual rite, and brought to its lowest common denominator, were both hygienic and salutary. There was discipline in it too, and respect: respect for tradition and the good purpose behind the practice.

When the preparation reaches the intellectual and spiritual realms, then the ceremony becomes complete. A study of the balance sheet of the past twelvemonth can be anything from disgusting to inspiring. As animals, have we remained natural? As rational beings, have we been intelligent? As men, have we been good? Have there been perversions of nature, subversions of intellect; have there been conversions of the will?

Some there are who are indifferent to this annual ritual. They have never bothered to wash off the old dirt, or even acknowledged the new accretions they are likely to acquire. They just disappear into the mound of whatever has stuck to them, good or bad, and have not recognized either. Some utter that effete cry: "I am free!" and slump into the bondage of their own bestiality, while others mourn: "I am doomed," and sink into the sloughs of their own inertia. The tragedy of these lies in their wilful ignorance.

Against the murderous arrogance of the Nietzsches, and the suicidal tendencies of the Schopenhauers, there are the humility and courage of true men. These have given their steadfast integrity, their inspiring ideals, their faith in man and God, so that sceptical as we are, weary and bored as we are sometimes, we are still touched to wonder and admiration when we meet or hear of these men of good will. There is Abbe Pierre of Paris, there was Francis of Assisi, both living the life of their fellow-men among the rag-pickers of Paris, the beggars of Assisi. There was Thomas of Aquin, a simple monk, but the world's greatest philosopher since Aristotle. There was Gilbert K. Chesterton, the great man of letters in England. There is Jacques Maritain, teaching in an American university, a man of deep humility and simplicity, but a great intellectual. These are all famous people, but there are hundreds of thousands who are un-named to worldly fame: some right here in Toronto whose names are not unknown to those who search for truth.

What would we do without the people who await the new year with clean and open hands, with clear and humble hearts? What would we do without the people who keep alive the real purpose of these recurring twelvemonths?

We could not survive without these men of good will.

SECOND PRIZE, Short Story Contest

THE CLANDESTINE COURTSHIP

by YOSH TAGUCHI

Montreal, Que.

WHEN Kazuo Kawasaki was sixteen years old he had told his parents:

"I don't intend to get married, ever. I know what I want in life, and it doesn't include a female."

At the time when he said this, Kaz's parents were elated and they smiled secretly at one another. And if you think that Mr. and Mrs. Kawasaki took the words of their son frivolously, you're mistaken.

You see, to Mr. and Mrs. Kawasaki there were eleven Commandments of which the eleventh was the most important. And because the authorities persisted in overlooking this Commandment, they had taken it upon themselves to pound it into their son. Mr. and Mrs. Kawasaki had reiterated their pet proverb year after year, now in one form, now in another.

Boys and girls don't mix . . . As long as you're a student, don't you ever think of girls . . . Girls are scheming, evil, wicked . . . Schools and girls are like water and oil, they don't mix . . . And so on.

Kaz was smart and learned the lesson well. While most of us acquired an interest in girls, Kaz developed an interest in Physics, and while our infatuation with our first love withered and waned, Kaz's fascination for Physics blossomed and matured. He was virtually married to the subject, and we friends of his jealously expected a brain-child any day.

But while our attitude to Kaz had changed from one of ridicule to respect, Mr. and Mrs. Kawasaki worried over their son's overzealous preoccupation in academics. They came over to our house, one evening, and confessed their irreparable 'faux pas'.

"It was your silly idea that girls should have no place in the boy's heart," accused Mr. Kawasaki.

"But that was only so he wouldn't get mixed up with a girl prematurely. You yourself agreed on the scheme," protested Mrs. Kawasaki.

"The boy is abnormal, and I'm not at all convinced that we're not partially responsible," said Mr. Kawasaki.

"Partially? Perhaps wholly," said Mrs. Kawasaki.

Mr. Kawasaki turned and looked me straight in the eye.

"Won't you help straighten him out," he begged. "God knows he needs guidance but he won't listen to me. Maybe if you talk to him, informal-like, he might listen."

What could I say? I promised to do my best. Mr. Kawasaki took my hand and shook it warmly, but I already had some misgivings. What could I say to Kaz? Romance is quite a delicate subject and not the easiest thing to sell to a born bachelor. Besides, you can't argue or reason with Kaz; he twists your arguments around and makes a monkey out of you if you try. I studied various approaches to the problem and decided on a sermon. I didn't like the idea, particularly, but my cortex refused to provide a better suggestion. And so I prepared a well-planned speech and awaited the opportunity to exercise my oratory. I didn't have long to wait because Kaz and I are good friends despite our different interests.

"Kaz," I said solemnly, one day, "there are times when one must be cruel only to be kind. There is nothing sadistic in telling people the facts of life, even if the people concerned happen to be your parents. The dating-rating complex is part of our national heritage and as rightful citizens of this democratic nation, we must uphold this value. Why, girls stimulate men to greater endeavors, ultimately to fame and prosperity. Companionship with girls is a desirable and natural thing and should be fostered, encouraged . . ."

"Ugh," said Kaz, "your adolescence is abominable."

I was going to tell him that he was sublimating his frustration in a highfaluting facade of simulated intellectualism, but I felt he wouldn't understand.

And frankly, I couldn't understand Kaz. For a guy who's smart and good-looking, he just didn't make sense. Would you believe it? The guy's tall, dark, and handsome; he's got an angular face that catches the light well; and an infectious smile that is reputed to have sent the hearts of a lot of girls aflutter — and he's unattached.

Mr. Kawasaki took my disappointing report in good stride. He must have anticipated my failure for he had concocted a sure-fire plan in the meantime. He was exuberantly confident and divulged his secret scheme to me. The plan was a take-off on the traditional Japanese picture marriages.

Are you familiar with Japanese picture marriages? It's something like this: photographs of a lot of girls are presented to an eligible bachelor who is asked to pick out a prospective mate. What the poor guy doesn't know, of course, is that most of the prettier girls are already married; and invariably, the pretty Miss the guy picks out is already somebody's Mrs. At this point the sewanin or baishakunin enters the picture.

"My dear boy," he says to the embarrassed lad, "matrimony is not something to be taken so lightly. You are asked, my dear boy, to make the most important decision of your life. On the altar you must promise to love, honor, and obey, to bear with the woman of your choice through sickness, disease, poverty and pestilence — till death, my boy . . . Naturally you are overcome. Who wouldn't be? Well now, maybe I can help you, my boy.

"Now this girl that you picked. Yes, I admit that she's rather good-looking, but believe me, that's all she's got. She's as dumb as an ox and stubborn besides. Notice all the jewellery she wears, she'll spend all your meager wages on cosmetics and clothes. She lives in the present with no thoughts of the future, and when her beauty fades with the years, she'll become intolerable. A potential hypochondriac, this one. You'd be wise to pass her by, my boy.

"Now see this cute thing. Her mother made her take music lessons and dancing lessons. She can play the piano, do the mambo, and knit fancy sweaters, but she can't cook, or sew, or do anything fundamental.

"Now this girl, she's not very glamorous, I agree, but you've got to get to know her to appreciate her. She's unpretentious and she's got a heart of gold. She can cook, sew, and do the housework. You'd be wise to pick her, my boy, but you'd better hurry — there's half a dozen other fellows after her, you know."

The fellow 'picks' and is assured of his future happiness. But to get back to the story — Mr. Kawasaki has been in this country for over twenty years and he has come to appreciate the Western way of life. He is determined, above all, that his son should do his own picking. Thus all Mr. Kawasaki proposed to do was to invite an attractive girl to his home to arouse his son's interest in the fairer sex.

Mr. Kawasaki is, by nature, not very talkative. Thus his self-imposed ordeal was an especially excruciating one, but like many an Issei parent, he thought only of his son's happiness.

"I have a problem," began Mr. Kawasaki one evening, and Kazuo immediately lent an attentive ear. Father and son conversation was not a very common occurrence in the Kawasaki household, and when it did occur, it was generally important.

"You see, Kazuo," said Mr. Kawasaki, "a daughter of an old friend of mine has a job in this city. She doesn't know anybody here, and her mother doesn't want to send her here unless she can be assured that her daughter will be safe in the big city . . . The problem is, Kaz, you're so dead set against girls that I'm afraid you'll frighten her back to the country. Here's her picture, by the way, in case you're interested."

Kaz said nothing, and Mr. Kawasaki thrust the picture into his hand.

"Well son," said Mr. Kawasaki, "do you think you can act as a host to this, I must say, rather attractive young lady?"

"Why can't she stay at the 'Y'?" Kaz said.

"Didn't I tell you, Kaz, she's an unsophisticated country girl? Her mother doesn't trust . . ."

"I'm sorry Dad, but I'm awfully busy."

"Won't you think about it, son?"

"Sorry Dad."

It was a defeated Mr. Kawasaki that came to our place that week. I tried to assure him that in matters of the heart one can never be too certain, but words were hardly the things that could comfort Mr. Kawasaki.

Kaz, on the other hand, was in an especially jocund mood when I saw him next. He smiled, smirked, and said:

"You know what? I think Dad's getting old — senile and doting."

"He's worried about you," I said.

"What for?" asked Kaz.

"You know darn well what for," I said, and then I wondered if he did know.

"You're unsociable and you stick too much to yourself," I said.

"Ah, the cosy comfort of confinement; but maybe I'll surprise him," said Kaz with his diabolical half-smile.

I did not see much of the Kawasakis in the few weeks that followed. The fault, of course, was entirely mine. I avoided Kaz because I did not know what else I could say to him, and I purposely avoided Mr. Kawasaki because I didn't know what I could say to him either.

And so, when the Kawasakis invited me to dinner as they often did, I accepted with mixed emotions. Mrs. Kawasaki is a wonderful cook, and what did I have to lose! Bridges should be crossed when you come to them, I said to myself.

You can well imagine my surprise then, to see an eye-catching intelligent-looking girl in the living room of the Kawasakis. I wondered how Mr. Kawasaki had managed that and was thinking it was a shame that Kaz did not inherit his father's ways with the ladies. Kaz interrupted my reverie by introducing the young lady. Her name was Yukiko.

I was drawn to her as an iron filing is attracted to a powerful magnet; I felt as helpless as a child that had not yet learned how to manipulate his vocal apparatus. I scrutinized her in silence. She was the kind of girl that even Mickey Spillane couldn't have spoiled. Dickens couldn't have described her — she couldn't be caricatured. She would have defied Dostoyevsky as well. The Russian novelist was always much too preoccupied with psychic analysis to have been impressed by her surface radiance. Flaubert would have failed, but Tolstoy might have done her justice. Ah, Tolstoy, what would you have said!

The abrupt awakening was ... It came suddenly and spontaneously — something snapped ... my senses returned. That, I thought was what Wouk made Keefer call the "pregnant pause", and I searched the literature for the appropriate words to say. I found them in Keats:

"Much have I travelled in the realms of gold . . ."

"Oh, don't give me that — wolves don't travel, they crawl on all fours," said the living doll.

"I swear I am not a wolf. The closest I've come to being one was when I was a uniformed Cub in a Wolf Cub Pack, but that was before I was graduated into the ranks of the Boy Scouts."

"Happy scouting, friend," she said, "and I hope you meet a nice girl guide. Too bad I graduated from that rank years ago."

Her coldness reminded me of Kaz. I turned and caught him eyeing me with that silly, whimsical look of his.

"A real sweater-girl ... this Yukiko," I said.

"She'd look good in calico," said Kaz.

"She's a beauty," I said.

"And she's witty," said Kaz.

"She's neat," I added.

"Very sweet," said Kaz.

"By golly, she's got you talking in rhymes," I said.

"Who cares, as long as she's mine," said Kaz.

"Gee, when did Kaz meet a girl like you, Yuki?" I asked.

"Mmm, when was it, Kaz, it's been so long . . ."

"S-hhh," whispered Kaz.

And then I realized that Kaz was smart, very smart, and in more ways than one.

THIRD PRIZE Short Story Contest

FLIGHT

by JOY NAKAYAMA
Coaldale, Alta.

FIVE unsympathetic fingers propelled me from the silvery palace. The gate slammed on a devil-may-care-ish shrug, and my lower fighting lip dr... peevishly.

"Fitzgerald, you ass," I paused. "Ass," I said. The word shocked me deliciously. I defied the heavens, cupped my hands and bellowed: "Fitzgerald, you ASS!"

Two jet-propelled feet fled through the snow, over the field and up an encrusted drift. There, a grinning imp hugged himself in devilish mirth. I rolled on the hard frosting, guffawing exhaustively.

The sky was incredibly pure and deep. Almost frightening, I thought. "If I bought some magic beans, Fitzgerald would throw them out the window, and I'd let the giant catch him and — —"

Fe fi fo fum echoed earthward and a golden egg tumbled out of the blue. With an electrifying minor chord the firmament dissolved and Jack came glissading down a heaven-sent vine. The air gradually filled with a rollicking, whirling symphony, and in answer to the call, Jack's vine rippled forth a lilting melody, hurling a joyous fugue through the universe.

Out stepped the Pied Piper from his empyreal home. Lifting his pipe, he led the celestial orchestra in a quaint, curious appeal. I was filled with a mad hunger and with an impulsive lurch, leapt from the snow. Jack cocked his head, winked an eye, and scrambled nimbly upwards. A minute moment later, Jack's newly-won shadow steeplechased after him.

Perched atop the beanstalk, Jack and I peered down at the little world beneath us. An exhilarating sensation engulfed me as Fairyland's atmosphere pierced my core. Another theme from the revolving spheres heralded a glistening Pegasus into existence. Two hops, skips, and glides landed Jack and shadow on the winged back.

We soared out of Oz, galloped into the Arabian Nights, tiptoed past Mother Goose, waltzed by Wonderland, and nibbled through the Sugar Plum kingdom, sailing more gaily and tirelessly than did ever Wynken and brothers. Earth, time, and all mundane verities lost meaning in our celestial paradise. We spurred our steed on until my shoes sparked to a halt before a heavy mist, glowing with an unearthly eerie phosphorescence. We dismounted wonderingly.

Cymbals clashed, the spectre swung open, and an ... hand, palm first, was thrust in our faces . . . Jack tumbled backwards. As I attempted to retreat, the hand grasped me, dragged me through, closed the aperture, and as quick as thought vanished, leaving a bewildered boy alone.

A wave of Sunday-school horror mixed with Saturday-night mirth crept over me as my senses responded to this new environment. Ten feet from me sat Rollo Rhubarb, mixing serpents in a fiery cauldron. At his feet, choking convulsively in the blood and gore, lay three mighty champions of good: Samson, Daniel and Fitzgerald. I glanced furtively across my right shoulder, crossed my toes, and gulped at the blasphemy.

Here Virtue fought Vice a losing battle. The air thickened with soot and sorcerers' brews, with shrieks and jeers, with dirt and slime and filth, with ever-increasing chaos. Witches and thieves and Dorian Grays, and sinister eyes and bloody swords sprang from the ground, destroying the forces of good ... creating havoc in every corner. A furious hurricane whipped around me, and I, Satan's slave, howled in mirthless glee.

A clap of thunder and Sodom vanished. I stood rooted, terrified. The hollow march of Doom dragged nearer . . . The dirge grew to a roar, its rhythm pounding from horizon to horizon and crescendoing to a deafening roar. A flash of lightning and the conductor of the demon band faced me. Judas Iscariot's bones reached out to grip my clammy flesh.

That motion instigated action. My lead feet metamorphosed into mercury, and I flew. I could hear the raucous voice of my pursuer as I sped past the milky way.

"HEY there! Get down from that tree and come for supper."

The earth came swooping towards me as I slithered to safety down the beanstalk. I sprinted across the North Pole.

"Pie for dessert."

I sank resignedly before my captor.

"What were you hollering about in that tree?"

I shrugged. Fitzgerald brayed like such an ... a donkey, I thought.

Debunking the "College Life"

by KEN ADACHI

PEOPLE — old greybeards, graduates and the like — will tell you as if they were letting you in on a secret of sorts, that the four years of "college life" are incomparable beyond all things in the pursuit of fun, frolic and underwear. To give you evidence, they will relate tales of the fanciful feats of their undergraduate days, which together with the dutiful reports of the current crop by the daily press, are inclined to give credence to the theory. For example, not long ago there was a story to the effect that the average college woman imbibes with apparent gusto the astounding total of twelve pints of beer weekly, far surpassing the supposedly hardier male who meekly and blushingly admitted to a relatively negligible amount. "College life", if you will believe these people, is suffused with beer and sex and all the gayety of a Parisian night-club. If it were so I would be the first to cheer resoundingly the possibilities of such a situation.

Indeed magazine articles, movies, and cartoons all have combined to make of "college life" something out of the virile pages of Scott Fitzgerald and his theme of frenetic pursuit of entertainment and debauch. And patriarchs of society still cling to their favorite hobby of muttering in their beards about the wicked younger generation. I was somewhat confused when first I crossed the greensward of the campus, for I had heard breathless tales of beardless actions among the cloisters. "Non-conformity!" was the battle-cry of the university, and that, in essence, was a frightening thing in itself. I still stumble across the campus, clutching musty books in my hot little hands, but the deeds of the barbarous have become myths. The campus type is, after all, too human and feels too much at home with the law of gravitation to exert himself.

There is no counterpart of the famous college radical — the burning-eyed man with a cause, filled with disillusionment about the world and society. The crusaders have faded away to extinction. The poetry of T. S. Eliot is now accepted as sane and meaningful, and the modern conservative tendencies have replaced the leftist political radicals who might have made things far more exciting and truculent. What is left now are the usual fall and spring exercises of undergarment raids, proms, half-hearted beer parties, football games, and above all, the necessity to find a proper niche in society.

Education is supposed to result in a man emerging as a "well-rounded" personality. The educated man should be able, at the shutting off of the TV set, to discuss James Joyce, Dylan Thomas, Picasso, or such sophisticated popular culture as Pogo or the metaphysics of Mickey Spillane. He is supposed to emerge with the equipment to deal with worldly as well as intellectual matters. But the only man who seems to succeed in this noble undertaking is, surprisingly enough, the engineer, who upon graduation is besieged with offers of high-paying jobs. What could be more worldly and pleasant? The arts graduate is faced with the grim prospect of not being able to enjoy either. It follows therefore, that the majority of college students have submerged themselves for this reason in the uninspiring mechanism of practical science. What price a well-rounded personality? It is not a salable product.

Perhaps too, the engineers are to blame for the passion for formal convention of dress on the campus. Current collegiate uniforms seem to cater towards jackets with faculty names emblazoned across the back in a most unbecoming and embarrassing manner, as if their owners were out collecting advertisements. Add to this: white bucks, preferably dirty, in the place of civilized footwear, a slightly smug air, and you see the picture arrange itself. No less conventional are the arts types with their navy blue blazers, complete with proud and superior crests, smartly-pressed grey flannels, and an air of studied casualness. But at least they seem less likely than their uncultured brethren to cause local tavern keepers to be imprisoned for malfeasance of the existing liquor laws. What is lacking is headwear of some sort, but perhaps that too will come to be.

The girls are less conventional in dress except for the condemning presence of those mottled two-toned saddle shoes. Why shapely feet are encumbered with such monstrous pieces of leather I cannot figure out. They add little to the feminine form divine, but instead render it into the semblance of flat-footed hippopotami working for baccalaureate degrees. And to think that in the years after graduation

as pillars of social life they will be hissing haughtily into each other's faces if two of them commit the faux pas of wearing the same frippery. The significant thing of all this, of course, is that the uniformity of dress has become a social desirability among the college neophytes. And it is illogical to suppose that non-conformity of mind can be housed in the types who revel in conformity of dress.

All-out beer-guzzling, which is ballyhooed far and wide as the backbone of college life, is practically confined to "football weekends" and then is indulged in only by the extrovert or the confirmed drinkers who really form such a small portion of the student body that the amount of publicity given to it is really remarkable, if not extravagant. Perhaps it is accountable for the immoderate emotionalism rampant in football games where more importance than seems necessary is given to four quarters filled with insipid school songs and cheers which are shouted with the incredible vociferousness of orangoutangs looking for jungle-mates, and summarily accompanied with the polyphony of little retching noises. And there is little validity in the sentiment of the engineering school's song which maintains than any engineering student can "demolish forty beers" (and implies that they only can do it). It is a supremely egoistic and challengeable bit of nonsense.

Finally, the spring and fall panty-raid follies have ballooned far beyond their intrinsic worth. These heroic feats in which the college stalwarts descend en masse on girls' dormitories and depart waving trophies such as panties, bras, slips, are repeated with dulling regularity in almost every campus of the country. Now that they have become traditional, they are neither erotic nor sinful as some people believe, but merely school-boyish. A garter might possibly be used as a blotter, but I fail to see how such panty-raids are useful if there is no girl in the abducted garment.

I might be wrong, of course, and there may be other features of "college life" which I have missed out. An outlay of merely $1,500 can enable anyone to taste its joys, barring unfortunate accidents such as dying from alcoholism, cirrhosis of the liver, or falling off dormitory ladders.



KATHLEEN KAWAGUCHI of Toronto was awarded the Ontario JCCA Oratorical Challenge Trophy at the Hamilton YMCA by provincial chapter prexy Mits Sumiya. Jim Kadonaga (Hamilton) and Beverley Tamura (Toronto, 2nd prize) look on. Other contestants were Mayumi Yamasaki (3rd prize), Akemi Horiuchi, and Grace Toguri, all of Toronto.

THE QUIET FORCE

(Continued from Page One)

drug trade. Hence the nature of his personal contacts. But we could scarcely be persuaded that a background such as this was the right training for surveillance of political sentiment and wartime disloyalty. The actual record on wartime political internments, which we suspected he directed, seemed to confirm this impression, as did the initial approach of the B.C. Security Commission. But we think we realize how innocent we were in those days. And we don't suppose that we shall ever learn if the Sergeant knew much less than we did, or if, in fact, he actually knew a very great deal more about all the political sentiments felt or expressed in our community. Sergeant Leopold is described as having operated as an undercover agent right in the midst of the innermost Communist councils. Was it possible that one or more of our neighbors carried on similar undercover activity in the Japanese community? We like to think not — even though it may have been necessary. And if he did, did he then have the complete confidence of the RCMP? And was our smiling friend, Sergeant - - -, the key link in the chain of secret surveillance? And, what power lay in the hands of the undercover informer, for justice and injustice alike! These are questions that intrigue us still. The "Quiet Force", we suppose, is not likely to unburden itself of the answers.

THE THIRD MEMBER of the Force we recall most vividly we never saw in a uniform of any kind. Our first encounter with him took place in pre-Pearl Harbor days, when we appeared before the special government committee which had been set up to inquire into the wave of intense anti-Japanese feeling that had been rapidly building up in B.C. from before the outbreak of war in Europe. It's almost fifteen years ago now, but we remember the atmosphere of secrecy that enshrouded our meeting, the plush hotel suite, the panel of questioners. Our most vivid memory is of the man of whom we speak — his long, lean frame; the keen, penetrating eyes in the grave, unsmiling face; the careful, deliberate, extremely slow-spoken framing of the questions.

About a year later we went through a much more difficult questioning. This was at the height of the tension, when incipient Nisei opposition to the conduct of the evacuation might well have turned the whole course of events into unknown channels. K - - - and ourselves are not likely ever to forget the shock that overcame us to hear the false charges brought against us, the taut grilling or our angry denials, or the vehement reaction that broke through the disciplined police exterior to reveal something of the man beneath.

A third encounter, some time later, was still more revealing. He talked rather more freely than at any previous time. He confided his personal abhorrence of the tide of prejudice, and the cheap political exploitation of it, with which he had to grapple. He spoke of his own role as a police officer, and of the responsibilities of his men. And he unbent with something that might have been interpreted as an apology, when he pointed out that had it not been for the accident of war, our paths as police officer on one hand, and ordinary law-abiding citizen on the other, in all probability would never have crossed. We felt him to be wholly sincere, to be deeply sympathetic towards us all, and genuinely anxious that the RCMP should carry out its responsibilities in as just a manner as the circumstances would permit.

IN RETROSPECT, and reflecting on the events and leading personalities of those years, we think it very likely that this was the source of much of the moral leadership experienced by both the Security Commission and the police. We think it likely his influence and moral approach was felt throughout the whole administration of an exceedingly complex, drastic and delicate operation. The fact that so many of us managed to come through it with so few permanent scars is a tribute to him that we are glad to record this Christmas day.

HOLIDAY SUPPLEMENT

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Why I Live in the Yukon

by Dr. NORIE NISHIO

MY FIRST VISIT to the Yukon was back in June of 1951. A group of businessmen, including myself, took a fishing trip to the Yukon and Alaska from High Prairie in the Peace River country of Alberta.

We were so fascinated by the country — the rugged snow-capped mountains, the multitude of clear lakes and streams — all still untouched by man, that we were back again the following year. And, of course, the fish were exceptionally good.

On our 1952 trip I inquired about the possibilities of establishing a dental practice in Whitehorse — particularly since there seemed to be such a backlog of dental work to be done here. Besides, what could be nicer than having an excellent practice right in the middle of a sportsman's paradise?

Office space was at a premium, so it wasn't until February of 1953 that I was able to arrange for suitable accommodation. It was about this time that the federal government announced the possible developing of 4½ million horsepower on the Yukon River. So I felt I was making a wise move, since the expansion and development of Whitehorse and the Yukon seemed imminent. At this time, I had a four-chair clinic in High Prairie. In May, when the office at Whitehorse was ready, I had my equipment crated and transported 1,300 miles further north. I started practice in June.

WHITEHORSE is situated on the south bank of the Yukon River and at mile 918 on the Alaska Highway. It is the No. 1 city in the Yukon though by outside standards very small. It's composed of 3,500 civilians and 3,500 Army and Air Force personnel.

Whitehorse had its start in the days of '98 and the Klondike Gold Rush, the events of which have been immortalized by the Bard of the Yukon, Robert Service, and his now famous works, including "The Cremation of Sam McGee."

In 1942 the American Army constructed the Alaska Highway which extends from Dawson Creek, B.C. (mile 0), through Fort Nelson and Whitehorse, to Fairbanks, Alaska — a distance of 1,527 miles. Since the construction of the Highway, an ever-increasing number of tourists and travellers is visiting this north country, and it is a common experience to have seen visitors from every province in Canada and every state in the United States.

The lure of the north and stories of fortunes being made overnight attracts a great many Americans to Alaska. There are lodges and gas stations about every fifty miles along the Highway.

STRANGE AS it may seem, the pressure of dental work here is unbelievable. There are three civilian and three military dentists to serve the community, and yet I found myself booking nine months in advance — an unheard of situation in practices outside. We draw a lot of patients from Alaska as well as from the Yukon and northern British Columbia. It is a common occurrence to have patients fly in by plane, or travel three to 400 miles up or down the Highway to keep an appointment.

With regard to the type of practice here — since we have no specialists, as in any small community, we learn to handle most of the 'special' cases such as jaw injuries in accidents, working hand in hand with the local doctors in the hospital. We have many car accidents on the Highway due to ice and snow in the winter and dust in the summer. For the most serious cases, we fly the patient either to Vancouver or Edmonton.

At the present moment I have another dentist helping me and have word out for a second. The two MD's and myself are constructing a two-storey medico-dental building which should be ready for occupation by January, 1955. It is being built to house seven doctors and dentists, and in anticipation of future tremendous growth for Whitehorse.

THE COST of living is much higher here than outside. Consequently, wages, salaries, etc., are correspondingly higher. For example, we pay 50c a quart for milk, 55c for a gallon of gas, 25c for a copy of the daily Edmonton newspaper. Eggs are 85c a dozen, bread is 26c a loaf, and butter 85c a pound.

Automobiles average $500-600 more here than in Toronto, due to freight costs.

Real estate is sky-high in Whitehorse. An empty corner lot sold for $28,000 recently, although the average business lot ranges from $10,000 to $50,000 for a fifty-foot frontage. Lots for homes average $1,500 — when they can be purchased.

Since Whitehorse is located in a valley and surrounded by mountains, the extent of expansion has reached the limit. All future expansion is planned for across the Yukon River where 3,000 lots are available. The government is appropriating $750,000 for the construction of a bridge in 1955.

KNOWN AS the "Land of the Midnight Sun", the Yukon has 24 hours of daylight in the summer and practically the same number of hours of darkness in winter. In Whitehorse, which is in the southern Yukon, the sun rises about 10:30 a.m. and sets about 2:15 p.m. in mid-winter.

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A PROBLEM of ASSIMILATION

by MARY ENDO

UBC COED Mary Endo, 19, was the winner of the first postwar oratorical contest held on the west coast by Japanese Canadians. Revived by the Vancouver JCCA, the contest was held on Nov. 21, 1954 for the Consul Nemicht Oratorical Challenge Trophy. The text of Miss Endo's winning speech is given here.

Not gold, but only men can make
A people great and strong —
Men who, for truth and honor's sake
Stand fast and suffer long.

Dean Angus of the University of British Columbia once said:

"It is essential that our Canadian Commonwealth should not consist of two categories of citizens, complete and incomplete. We must succeed in forming a society in which every Canadian of whatever race can feel at home, in which he can find all those elements which constitute a fatherland for which he can loyally work and on whose support he can count in times of trial and crisis."

Therein lies Canada's Japanese problem, a problem of assimilation.

The Japanese came to Canada in great numbers during the turn of the century. Their expansion into agricultural and commercial fields caused a resentment among their fellow Canadians which eventually turned into bitterness and outright hatred. This uncomfortable situation was accentuated with Japan's participation in World War II. The events that followed are known to all of us. Evacuation! Even now, some years later, the word stirs a storm of emotion within the heart of the Japanese Canadian. Evacuation! The word meant fear, terror, distrust; it meant cultural and economic restrictions, censorships, and loss of homes built by years of toil and hardship. This was Canadian democracy. All loyalty was crumbled to a dust of disillusionment.

However, there were those several thousand Japanese Canadians who determinedly fought the bitterest winds of intolerance for liberty and equality. Aided by the Canadian-Japanese associations and the many church missions, these people struggled to establish themselves as an integral part of the society. The brotherhood and friendship shown by the non-prejudiced Occidentals encouraged them on towards their goal of complete acceptance. With education they overcame the greatest obstacle, that of language, the chief vehicle of assimilation, the means of conveying ideas and ideals, songs, poetry, religion, law.

Today, a mutual trust and a mutual tolerance is slowly developing between the different peoples. In the economic field, race restrictions have been lifted, and the Nisei and the Sansei are allowed into a variety of occupations.

Politically, they have gained all the rights of the Canadian citizen.

But it is in the social field that the problem of assimilation is still clearly evident. Canadian society has not yet fully accepted the Japanese Canadian. He is considered Japanese, never just Canadian. One of the more controversial phases of this same subject is the one of intermarriage. The Eurasian child presents the problem. He is viewed with disfavor by both groups; he is treated as a pariah, neither parent race willing to accord him equality of status. Is there a solution? A complete banning of this type of marriage is impossible. More intermarriages and the birth of more Eurasian children would certainly help. But it is within the hearts of the people that the work must begin. The Occidental and the Oriental must uproot racial prejudice from their hearts and accept each and every person of whatever race or race mixture, as an equal. Until this is done and until even the smallest minority is accepted, the fight towards assimilation must go on.

It is the problem of the present Japanese Canadian generation to find a sane balance between the rather strict, disciplinary ways of their parents and the individual initiative and enterprise of the western civilization; between the formal, well-established culture of Japan and the indefinite mixture of cultures of Canada. In finding this balance, the Nisei should do his utmost not to lose his heritage, of immeasurable value to the Canadian mosaic. It lies within his power to contribute to Canada "the best of Japanese culture with its formal traditions, its beauty and grace, its aesthetic sensibilities, and its ethical seriousness."

Looking back on the history of the Japanese in Canada, we see a remarkable progress. Assimilation is certainly not complete but the problem is gradually disappearing with Canada's fight for a unified people. With the granting of citizenship to most persons of Japanese origin by the Citizenship Act of 1947, the biggest step towards assimilation was taken. Given equal rights, these people now had something to fight for — their Canada. Even the evacuation, though it broke the hearts of so many of the Issei, could be looked on with a different light. It did scatter the Japanese Canadians into many different communities across the country. Did the ends satisfy the means? Was not the distrust and hatred that was caused a rather high price to pay? We cannot say, but we can be glad that the dispersal has been so successful.

Today, the Japanese Canadians are actively part...

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Why I Live in the Yukon

(Continued from Page One)

Temperatures vary greatly in the Yukon. Whitehorse is in a comparatively warm area, affected by coastal winds, and temperatures average 10-40 degrees below in winter and 85-90 in summer. Of course the odd cold snap may take the temperature way down to 60 or 70 below. 200 miles to the north is Snag, known as the coldest place in North America, and deservedly so — the -84 mark was reached there a few years ago.

Within easy reach of Whitehorse by plane or car are many famous cities and towns of historical interest. Mayo Landing and Keno, famous for lead mines, are 250 miles to the north. Dawson City, with the historic dance halls, et cetera, still standing, is 350 miles to the north and reached by car or "paddle wheeler" — an amazing trip down the Yukon River in the paddlewheeler "Klondike". Most of these flat-bottomed boats have been taken off the run since competition by truck freight has been too great.

Carcross is 30 miles to the south and was one of the stopping points for the thousands of gold seekers who came over the White Pass from Skagway, Alaska, in 1898. Attin, B.C., is 100 miles to the southeast and was the scene of another gold rush in days past. It has a beautiful setting on the shores of Attin Lake.

THE YUKON is undoubtedly one of the few remaining sportsman's paradises. Lake trout averaging 10-40 pounds are taken regularly during the summer (To prove this point, Dr. Nishio has sent a color photograph which is unfortunately not suitable for reproduction. — Ed.) — and with very little effort. Grayling abound by the millions in every lake and stream and are excellent sport on a fly. Of course we have many other game fishes here too — rainbow trout and land-locked salmon, to name a couple.

In Whitehorse, everyone fishes during the summer — a 15-minute drive from town is all that is required to reach excellent fishing grounds.

And, of course, hunting has its hundreds of fans here too. Moose are quite common as are bear

About the Author

"It was in March of 1942," says Dr. Nishio, "that Sab Takahashi, Fred Sasaki and myself were asked to leave UBC and Vancouver for points east — you might say we led the trek east for the thousands that were to follow." The author ended up in Edmonton where he graduated from the University of Alberta with his degree in dentistry in 1947. Meanwhile, the Nishio family had moved from Vancouver to Bridge River, then on to Montreal, which Dr. Nishio now considers his hometown. He practiced at High Prairie, Alta., for six years. Dr. Nishio, now 31, tells the rest of his story here.

(black, brown, and grizzlies). Mountain sheep requires more experienced hunters and includes considerable mountain-climbing for success.

Caribou are taken by the hundreds farther north around Dawson City. Hundreds of sportsmen, from the States in particular, visit the Yukon each year for its unparalleled hunting and fishing.

THE FACE of Whitehorse has changed greatly in the past year or two. It was once a typical boom town composed of many unpainted and leaning cabins, shacks, and so forth. However, Whitehorse has now taken on a more permanent appearance with the construction of many new homes and buildings comparable to any outside.

The new $1.5 million federal building occupies the central position in town.

It is a common sight to see a beautiful new bungalow or office building standing next to an old leaning cabin — and we have 2 or 3 storey log cabins here too, built in the days of '98.

OUR EVERYDAY life is much the same as in any city outside — we have a theatre, places to dance, play basketball, badminton, or to curl in winter. In summer, finding something to do is no problem with the magnificent scenery we have here.

Since the city is intimately connected with the Armed Forces, most of the businessmen are members of the officer's mess of either the Army or the Air Force, with all the privileges as associate members — it is indeed quite an honor. They hold many social evenings of one form or another, so my wife and I find that our social life is very busy and full.

There are very few Japanese in the Yukon Territory, the old-timers being the Nakano family in Dawson City, long-established in the restaurant and bakery business. There is also a family living in Mayo and another in Whitehorse.

FOR A LITTLE personal history: I married in 1953, and my wife and I now have a small son who I hope will grow up to like this north country as much as his father does.

I feel there is unlimited opportunity in the north. It is just beginning to open up. But it takes a certain amount of initiative and aggressiveness to make the move.

I feel that in 1½ years in Whitehorse, I have accomplished more than I did, and am farther ahead than I was after six years in Alberta.

"In the Nature of Materials"

by GEORGE TANAKA

IT SEEMS now to be a time of long ago. But the evacuation is receding into the limbo of time. It was a time when I earned my living in Vancouver as a gardener, as did other Niseis, frustrated as we all were then in our efforts to make way in our lives.

Gardens in Vancouver were much alike to me, whether they were in Kerrisdale, Point Grey, Shaughnessy Heights, or along Marine Drive. All were monotonous in design. Rockeries were made for rocks' sake, it seemed to me, with unconvincing boulder placed by unconvincing builder, side by side in irregular pattern, tier upon unimaginative tier.

Like other Niseis I made good use of the free services of the Vancouver Public Library at Hastings and Main Streets. All the books in the library on landscape architecture and architecture were familiar to me. The books on landscape design were uninspired for they were still of the eighteenth and nineteenth century schools of thought of formal symmetry and axial balance. But one day I came across the inspired book on the architectural shelf. It was a new book entitled In the Nature of Materials, by Frank Lloyd Wright. Those familiar with the subject will know Wright as the world-famous American architect. Wright was recently interviewed over the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation's television programme, Tabloid, by Elaine Grand. Wright at 85 years of age is still the man of great vision and strong convictions.

From Wright's book I learned the important meaning of "indigenous" applicable to landscape design as it is to architecture and other design fields. Indigenous: that which is native in the country. That which is born of the material itself. Thus, in wood, the quality is in the feel of the material and the texture of the grain — characteristics which are lost when wood is covered with the unconvincing varnish or paint. Many of us can remember the "tansu" [illegible] — the Japanese drawer-cabinet, well-proportioned in its design and finished within the nature of the material.

It was in 1914 that Wright was invited to build the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo. In Tokyo then, he was invited to dinner at Baron Okura's home. It was winter. The Baron's dining room was



THE AUTHOR

heated by the "hibachi". During the 19-course dinner Wright could hardly eat for the cold in the room, for being a westerner, he was neither sufficiently clothed nor conditioned like the Japanese to the house temperature in Japan. But after dinner the Baron led Wright below to the "Korean room" which is well-known to our parents. Wright kneeled on the floor and immediately experienced an indescribable comforting warmth which seemed to glow up into his body. In the Japanese house Korean room, heat from the fire outside is drawn back and forth under the floor through tile ducts, the fire smoke being expelled up a chimney at the opposite corner of the room.

From that experience in Japan, Wright introduced in the United States what he terms "gravity heating", popularly known now as radiant heating.

The modular proportions in building practiced by contemporary western architecture has its forerunner in the Japanese house where the proportions for construction were determined by the size of the "tatami", three feet by six feet. Thus, a house size was determined as a nine, eleven, sixteen, or thirty-four mat house.

I recall a conversation with Mr. K. Narita who headed the Japanese Government Overseas Trade Office at Ottawa a few years ago. Mr. Narita told me that the essence of Japanese culture could be found in the religions of Japan.

It has been said by Wright that the Japanese dwelling is a veritable sermon on the subject of "style in industry", that it became what it is owing to a religious admonition, "Be clean!" That simple cry was the austere soul of Shinto. Wright states: "Japanese art heard the cry, and thus posterity has one primitive instance where a remarkably simple religious edict or ideal made architecture, art, and craftsmanship the cleanest, in every sense, of all clean workmanship the world over." And, he states, consequently all Japanese art with its imaginative exuberance and organic elegance is the practical study in elimination of the insignificant. And herein was created a kind of spiritual gift for significance. Here simplicity in art was born. And here, states Wright, in this "plastic ideal", we touch the secret of great style. Wood is allowed to be wood. Metal is allowed — even encouraged — to be metal. And stone was never asked to be less nor more than stone.

In my field of landscape architecture much has been said by contemporary western writers and designers on the art of Japanese landscape design. One such writer has put it that the Japanese come at the beautiful by way of the necessary.

I do not think that Japanese gardens can be transplanted. They should stay in Japan. To do less is but mere exhibition. But many of the principles of design of the landscape garden in Japan are significantly contemporary in the western world. They can be used or followed in contemporary western landscape design. And perhaps more than that, they can lead the way.

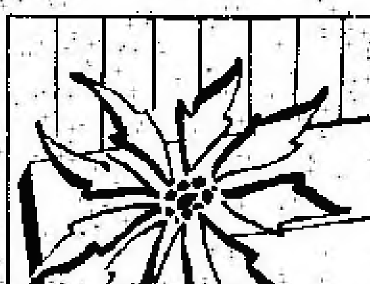
It was Wright who originated in the United States many years ago the philosophy that in architecture, the reality of the building lies in the space within.

One day Wright received a little book from the Japanese ambassador to the United States written by Okakura Kazuko, entitled The Book of Tea, in which he read this ancient observation: "The reality of the room is to be found in the space enclosed by the roof and walls, not in the roof and walls themselves."

MAS.... by Jack Nakamoto



"... hope it's something that breaks easily."



THE GINZA

by GEORGE NISHIMURA

EVERY TOWN has its Ginza, be it big or small, old or new. In New York it's Broadway; in London, Picadilly Circus; Winnipeg, Portage Ave. But in all this whole wide world, there is only one real Ginza, and that is the Ginza in Tokyo.

Tokyo, with its teeming millions thrives on the Ginza -- were it not for the Ginza, there might well be no Tokyo at all. The Ginza is the heart of Tokyo, as Tokyo is the heart of Japan. And as the heart throbs of Tokyo sustain the life of Japan, so do the heart throbs of the Ginza pulse life in the capital.

The Ginza is a place of extreme contrasts — typical of the so-called "mysterious" Orient. Its subway and its pedicabs are both vital parts of the city's intricate transportation system; exquisite pieces of art are sold side by side with crude straw sandals and bamboo combs; quality imported liqueurs and cheap local brews flow together in the noisy barrooms.

People from all walks of life gather and disperse, and conversation is conducted in a motley of strange tongues. Gullible sightseers with fat, bulging pocketbooks; black marketeers with hawk-like eyes constantly on the lookout for an easy buck; foreign service personnel, and kimono-clad window shoppers — these and many more comprise the Ginza's existence. And all who trespass within its sacred bounds are without exception affected by an odd sensation — the indefinable charm that is the Ginza's, and the Ginza's alone.

And of course, the entrepreneurs — they are the backbone of the Ginza. From modern, air-conditioned apartment stores to the dingy open air street stalls, their wares are representative of world-wide manufacturings. Colorful native garbs and sleek 66-gauge nylons, Swiss-made watches and Mikimoto pearls, hard dried fish and Hershey chocolate bars line the counters in abandoned disorder. Prices of purchase range from five yen for the evening paper being hawked by the barefoot newsboy on the street corner, to several million yen quoted on the price tags of a brand new Jaguar on regal display in a car dealer's glassy show room. Anything is available at a price.

During the day, the Ginza is a bustling artery of Tokyo's daily activities. Amid the din of the jam-packed subways, the grinding wheels of the elevated trains and the honking and tooting of the diesel-engine buses, satchel-bearing businessmen, bespectacled government clerks and mascara-painted waitresses scurry to and fro. But even in this mad rush, life's grimness can be detected — perhaps from the sight of a pair of ragged bodies — a mother and her infant — huddled in the shelter of an abandoned street stall; or the glimpse of an old bedraggled figure limping in the shadow of a parked Cadillac, searching the curbs for discarded cigarette butts. No one, however, stops to take notice of them in their haste, for they are nothing new -- they were there yesterday and probably will be there again tomorrow.

With the setting of the sun, an abrupt change takes place in the scene. Merry voices mixed with the tinkling of glasses and strains of dancing music, drift out to the street from the crowded bars and taverns. Neon signs advertising various choice delicacies gawdily adorn the entrances of cafes and restaurants. Further along the street, a Kabuki playhouse is playing S.R.O.; across from it a long queue patiently awaits admission to see Gary Cooper in 20th Century Fox's latest western. In the shadows of side street doorways lurk scantily-clad girls stalking their prey. The girls are mostly still in their teens, but having newly emerged from the farms, that is the only job they can find. Life continues to be grim . . .

As the hours while away, the liveliness of the Ginza gradually dies down, until by the wee hours of the morning, all has once more become quiet and serene — in hushed expectance of another mad day. Occasionally, perhaps, the unsteady gait of a solitary walker is heard — he had, in his over-indulgence, no doubt, missed his last streetcar home.

So that is the Ginza — at least as far as words can tell. Yet, much has been left out that simply cannot be told — the emotions and the atmosphere, and the color of the Ginza remain among the things that are indescribable. The Ginza has been sung about, filmed, and, yes, even written about — but never has all that is the Ginza been fully conveyed. For to know the Ginza is the fortune of only those who have actually tread upon its holy domain . . .

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Former editor of The New Canadian and now an officer in the RCAF, the writer recalls Tokyo's famed Ginza from memories of his several years' experiences in post-war Japan.



A Problem of Assimilation

(Continued from Page One)

cipating in every phase of Canadian life. There are only an ignorant few in Canada who deliberately snub the black-haired race. We have come to the day when the British subjects of Japanese origin can take a full-hearted pride and interest in the welfare of their country of Canada.

"We first saw light in Canada
the land beloved of God;
We are the pulse of Canada,
its marrow and its blood."

Assimilation is a twofold process. There is the person who is assimilated and the community which assimilates him. The colored and the white must work together and meet each other half way. Each must regard the other as Canadian first, foremost, and always. When this is realized, the problem is almost solved. For truly, there is

". . . . . neither East, nor West, Border,
nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face,
though they come
from the ends of the earth."



RACKING UP an 11-4 regular season record, and taking 4 straight playoff games, the Yamada Studio entry in the Toronto Nisei Sunday Baseball League carried off both the Toronto JCCA Challenge Trophy for league pennant and the Harry Miyasaki Memorial Trophy for playoff championship. In the usual order, above, are George Tamura, who presented the JCCA trophy, Sid Nishimura, Yamada manager, Roy Kurita, loop prexy, and Frank Miyasaki, who presented the Miyasaki trophy.

WILL IT EVER REPLACE BOWLING?

by M. SITARR

NISEIS WHO are exposed to Dr. E. S. Carpenter's anthropology courses at the University of Toronto are fortunate indeed, for they are learning from one of the thinking men at the University. I should like to present a digest of an anthopologist's views on mental health.

Dr. Carpenter feels that advances have been made in the social sciences, but so far they are being used with great skill to sort out and control men for purposes not of their willing -- such as turning frightened draftees into tough soldiers who will kill in a war of which they do not understand the purposes. Democracy is gravely threatened when social sciences are used as instruments of mass control. He feels it is a significant measure of the impotence of liberal democracy that psychiatry must increasingly be directed, not on democracy's own problems, but on such matters as reducing the time required to return a shell-shocked soldier into the battle field. Psychiatry is making great strides, but in what direction we are not told. Nor are we told who was the healthy man, nor what happened to those men trained to kill when they resumed civilian life.

Dr. Carpenter wonders again and again what kind of society would that society be which develops skills not on war, but on the problems of peace; by discovering not how to lessen men's fears in battle, but how to lessen the massive insecurities of civilian life; by developing not the synthetic morale of an army, but the living tissue of democratic solidarity; not in the hopeless search for palliatives for the caste gulf between races, but in discovering the optimum conditions of responsible democratic relations among men of different color and speech.

The philosophy of the best-seller psychology books found on the pocket book racks stresses security and adjustment to the social order, no matter what its form. Dr. Carpenter states that these writers are like secular missionaries preaching the divine gospel of mediocrity and conformity. They view with alarm people who dare to pursue goals away from the prosperous and respectable, safe and happy middle road of the prosaic mundane life of mediocrity. Such nonconformists and individualists are considered dangerous and abnormal, something to be stifled, and not cultivated.

Here are some of the titles of these books:

Let's Explore Your Mind
Peace of Mind
Peace of Soul
On Being a Real Person
How to Stop Worrying
and Start Living
Let Go and Let God
What Your Dreams Mean
Be Glad You're Neurotic
Release from Nervous Tension

"How to Win Friends and Influence People" by Dale Carnegie has been called "an agglomeration of weaseling deceitfulness, the gutter guide to boot licking and insincerity, the adaptation of the cheapest trickery of super salesmanship in human relations."

These books sell you the idea that you can be selfish with justification, so long as you persuade yourself that you only give service to them. In personal relations you are taught to be cunning and diplomatic, using this psychology talk. All these books breathe an atmosphere of optimism. Everybody can be happy or should be happy; if he isn't, he should be. These books do not teach how to face life as it is.

These books throw environment out of the window. Social evils are rationalized and, therefore, justified, as the result of individual faults amenable to self-improvement. It's not the social scene, but the isolated inhabitant that needs analysis. Repressive measures of authoritarian figures are non-existent; only the repressing mechanisms of the mind exist. If you can't help yourself, the remedy you must seek must be individual, not social. In other words, all this is escape literature.

Dr. Carpenter concludes that social scientists should face the fact squarely, that the problems with which they deal involve values; that every application of one of their techniques not only supports but furthers the value system employing these techniques. Dr. Carpenter feels that we first must decide: What kind of mental health do we want? In other words, what kind of people do we want to be?

Like Dr. Lundberg, the sociologist, Dr. Carpenter, the anthropologist, feels that scientific methods can be used to study the value systems, and until we do that, we will have books and people stressing adjustment to the social order, no matter what its form.

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夢は破られた

トロント 田中映子

木枯しがひゅうひゅうとすさまじい勢いで通りすぎてゆく。戸外は寒そうだ。さっきから子供達はそれぞれの復習に余念がない。健康そうな子供の顔を眺めている映子は何んとなく心足りるような安心感にひたるのであった。

妹たちの側で一心にサンター・クロースの絵を書いていた信一が、突然「マミー、ミーはもうサンター・クロースを信じないよ!!」と悲観めいた声を出したので、みんながクスクスと笑いかけた声をのんだ。

信一の顔があまりに真剣だったので映子は、はっと胸をつかれた思いであった。

[illegible]子の夢は破[illegible]か[illegible]

[illegible]さま「[illegible]なの？信[illegible]やん。十日すればクリスマスが来るじゃないの。今晩に、サンターに[illegible]を書いて[illegible]レター[illegible]を出すのよ」と言い聞かせたが、信一はますます不機嫌になり「ノウ、ノウ」と強く首を横に振るのであった。

学校で、サンタクロースは北極から来るのでなく、ツリーの下にあるプレゼントはマミーやダディーが置いておくのだということを、眠ったよりして見付けたという学友の話を聞いて来たことを怒りっぽく話した。深く信じ、指折り数えて待つサンタクロースが架空な話の存在でしかないと知ったとき、子供心に大きな失望を感じたことだろうと思うと、信一がいとしかった。と同時に、まだ子供だと思い切っている間にその子供が知らぬうちに成長していることに驚きを抱くのであった。

年末毎に、信一は電気仕掛けの汽車がほしくて、それを望んで、今年こそはきっと貰えるだろうと期待し続けて来たのであったが、いつも信一を失望させ、申譯ないように、それに似通ったものが置かれてあるのに大した喜びを示さなかった。もう、ネッキャなんかに無関心だというのだろうか、それとも、[illegible]か

なえられないものと知っての、子供心のリジスタントかしら。夢は成長するにつれ一つ一つ破られてゆくのであろう。いや、破られねばならないのである。映子は母として、クリスマスが近ずくさ、ぼつぼつ買い集めてきた子供達のプレゼントをかくす場所に困って、どうしようかと困惑したことの思い出をなつかしく思うのであった。

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想出抱きつ年重ね行く
初光りうけし浮世はよけれが
へり端気あふるる大陸の暁
十年のゆかりを此處にしめば静けき里の[illegible]した
く
ヤタの音に夢破られし深
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クリスマスと新年を控えて仕事の話でもあるまいとお叱りを受けるかも知れないが、一年の計は元旦にあり、と教えられてきた以上あながち無駄話ではないと思います。

四月初旬、廣告で仕事を求めたところ、暖かくなるにつれて注文を受け始めました。そして當市での自動車の運轉が頗かったこと、街を探すのに骨折ったこと、區域が少々廣過ぎることなど今尚記憶に蘇つて來るのです。

仕事の注文は澤山あつたけれど、適當な手傳人が得られず大半はお斷りして、どうやら五、六、七月半まで無難に働き通したが、それから八月末迄の旱魃で仕事が半減する、いつそ廢して了おうかと考えたこともあります。

やがて九月に入り、手傳の大、中學生達は復校したので獨りで續けましたが、その頃から漸く顧客達から信用を得たのか、全部來年を約束してくれるかたわら友人を紹介してくれたり、近隣からも頼まれたりで、ずつと仕事に追われつづけ十、十一月と大抵の雨や雪の中も休めないで師走の月に入り、いよいよ本式に地面が凍り初めたころ、辛くも球根植付を終ることが出來ました。

何分、焦燥の中に老骨に鞭うつて重勞働を續けたので、一先づシーズンの務を終つた時にはほつとしました。恐らく庭師でなくては味えぬ快感かも知れません。

それからの四、五日の休養中、過去八ヵ月の務の記憶をたどつて檢討し、來シーズンに備えたいと考えました。私の氣付いた項目は

一、ト市には人口が多いだけ仕事は豊富である。それだけ晩香坡時代のような競爭は起らない。随つて組合の必要もないが、研究會を設け、お互の職業的智識を増進することによつて需要と供給が同等の立場に於て交わされ、よりよく待遇される。

一、家屋は續々新築されて行くので將來の見通しは滿點。

一、職業の運用は請負と時間極めに大別されている」うで、何れを選ぶも各自の自由で他から容喙の必要がない。同時に大、中學生へ休暇中の職を與え、事實上相互扶助の形で事業が進められる。

一、ト市の業者達は顧客の中で、もつと費用を増してもより美しく飾つてほしい場合があつても、當方で御遠慮申上げていわすまいかという疑問にぶつつかることがある。

一例として私の受持の庭の向側でスカッチ系の老人が働いていて仲好しになり、四十年間續けていると話してくれた。ところでその庭の手入れがよくこれでその長年月倦みもしなかつたと呆れるほどお粗末である。

以上私の經驗と見聞をまとめて見ました。勿論、數々の受持の庭すべてに澤山の時間と費用をかけたいというのではなく、支出月額若干という豫算の下に生活している老婦人から頼まれた場合、儲らなくとも御希望に副うよう努めるのも職業上の義務でしよう。唯、有り餘つたお金持の場合、一層美しく庭を飾つて見せたら、もつと美しくしてほしいと先方から望まれる結果になつて來ます。

日系同業者中、晩香坡時代からの老友達が今なお前線に活動を續けて居られるのも少くなく、誠に敬服する一方、新進の壯、青年者達が潑らつとして活動しているのは亦力强く感じられます。既に老朽者の私達の職業的生命は今後五年か十年に限られて居るのだから、至極自由で趣味と收入の伴うこの仕事を次代に殘したい希望を持つているけれど、私自身の二世達のうち、三、四カ年共に働き獨立出來るまでの經驗を持ちながら轉職して了つたような實例もあり、當國で育つた二世諸君への期待が薄れて參りました。

だが、希望は決して捨てません。日本で育ち戰後移加した青年達が可成りな數に上つているよう思われるので、それ等の人々へ呼び掛けて見たいと考えております。

では皆さん、來るべき新しい一年を有意義に使うよう努力致しましよう(九四、十二、二)



「朝の一とき」

皇太子の『得意寫眞』

これは素顔の皇后さまである。いかにもよいお母様といつた感じだ。氣軽な水玉模様のワンピース姿にも、また鉛筆で洋書にメモせられているポーズにも、とても和かな感じが溢れている。

これは今夏、那須御用邸(栃木縣)のお居間で皇太子さまのカメラにおさまつた時の皇后さまである。

皇太子さまの寫眞は外遊中に約千枚ほど撮られたのが、歸國後も大へんな熱の入れようで、愛用しているニコンやコンタックスを肩に、日光や輕井澤などで盛んにシャッターを切つておられるが、この寫眞はこのほど學習院文化祭の「素人寫眞展」に自ら選んで出品された自慢の五點のうちの一枚で『朝のひととき』という題がつけてあつた。

會場では、この皇后さまの寫眞は斷然人氣を集めたのは勿論、宮内廳お抱えの寫眞師では撮りようのない素顔の皇后さまは、少々老けた感じだが、古めかしい衝立をバックにして、にいッと頬笑んでいられる飾り氣なしの表情は、母と子の二人つきりの樂しいひとときの情景に合せて、皇太子さまのお母様自慢さもいつたものが感じられるのである。(石川敏久)

(筆者は栃木縣下野新聞のスタッフで本社森記者の友人)

せめて、楽しい夢を

(岡山) 板口富美子

カナダの皆様、今年も、恩恵あふれるたのしいクリスマスをお迎え下さいましたことと存じます。

こちらでもこの日、年々、だんだんにぎやかなお祝いをいたします。ことに都会では、すい分盛んにお祝いするようでございますが、しかし、かなしいことに、これは、本當にキリストの御降誕をお祝いする心からと申しますより、本當はそのことを知らない人の方が大部分でございまして、ただ、何となく、人の心のなぐさめのように、おまつりさわぎめいて居りますが、でもそれも、あまりに、からく、きびしい現實の中に生きている人間の一つのゆめとしてゆるされてもよかろうとも思われます。キリストを忘れたクリスマスでは、いみないことでございましょう。しかしそれは、だんだんよりもどすことといたしまして、せめて、生きがたい世の中に、この日たのしく夢をもつということは、大人にも子供にも、やっぱりうれしいことでございましょう。

私の居ります所は、かなり田舎でございますので、都會のようなにぎ／＼しいクリスマスはみられませんが、それでも、何十年か前の子供たちは、殆んど全くしらなかったその日を、学校で、雑誌で教えられますものか、一おうのクリスマスという名前だけでもしつているようでございます。却つて、中年以上の人たちの中には、そのことばさえしらない人もあるようです。昨年のクリスマスのことでございました。子どもたちが、クリスマスのお祝をしていたのをきいた父親が、おどろいて、そんなのがあるのかといったとの事ですが、そして、子どもたちが、その日にはね、サンタクロースのおじいさんが、おくりものをもって来てくれる日よと申しますと、そんなら、お父さんにも何か、もって来てくれるのかといったと、近所のおばあさんが話してきかせてくれました。これは、笑い話でなく、大部分、まだこの邊、日本の田舎の實さいでございます。この人たちに、子どもたちから、だんだんと、しんのいみのクリスマスをしらされるようになりますように、今から、十年、二十年の後には、多分、きっと、もっともっとクリスマスは田舎のはてまで行きわたることでございましょう。何もかも、目まじるしくうつりかわっている日本のことでございますから。

キリスト者として、本當にこの日を祝って下さいますカナダの皆様に、かさねてクリスマスのお祝い申上ます。

クリスマスを祝う

富美子

キリスト様のお生れになつた日、
こんなおめでたい日には、
みんなのこゝろが
こうもやさしくあたゝかく
なるのだろうか。
みんなお互いにぬくめあおうと、
みんなお互いによろこばしあうこそ、
どんな苦しい日の中も、
この日だけは、
そのことばかりを考えている。
世界中の人々が、
この日の心をもちつづけることが出來たら、
この世から、たたかいもなくなるであろうのに。
せめてこの廿一日、
人をよろこばすことだけを考えて、
本當によろこびあおう。
せめてこの日のためにとしたくするいく日、
こゝろの中に、
キリストが降りたまう。

土と私の因縁

カンバー　中島禎造

去年の特別號に「大豆も作る時も作る」などと、お笑い事を書いた私です。根が百姓だから、土から離れられない私である。その因縁を書いてみます。

昔にきこえた廣島名產、京菜畑の中に呱々の聲をあげ、全く土の中から生れた人間である。田園は私の生命であり生活でもあるのだが、土は人間生活の基調であり、土を離れて人間、ライフはあり得ないのだとミミズのように叫びたいのである。

さて、明治四十年(一九〇七年)といえば、もう半世紀の昔であるが、十七歳の秋晩香坡に上陸した私は直ちに米加國境のブレーンに行った。ホワイトロックにおけるグレート・ノーザン鐵道敷設工事に働く爲だった上陸第一歩、すでにカナダの大地に直結された私であった。

その頃大陸日報紙上にポートヘネーの井上次郎氏が寄稿して、苺栽培が將來の同胞の企業に有望なることを説いた記事を見た私は今後自分の行く途は、土を耕して生活するにあり、と決心したのであった。が、農業を始めるといって、土地を求める金がない。先ず立つものは資金だと、わ[illegible]で、信州生れの山野某に誘わるるままに、[illegible]で栗[illegible]ときキャリブーの金山行きを志した。晩香坡を出發したのは春なお淺き三月中旬だった。

今とちがって五十年前のキャリブー金山行きは中々容易でなかった。まさに決死的で、丁度、丹波の大江山の鬼退治もこんなもんだったろうと連想させられる時代だった。

カムループスで文明の瀬車にお別れしてからは、四頭立てのホロ馬車に荷物と一緒に投げ込まれた。北行する二百哩の行軍は、實に筆にも口にもつくせない難行で、地上に消え殘る雪に車輪のあとを殘して、喘ぎ喘ぎはう果てしなきトレールをホロ馬車の一團は進んだのである。

目的地の金山に着いてみれば、白雪ガイ〳〵として憧がれの金は、丈餘の雪の下という光景。直ちに腰まであるゴム靴をはかされて雪の山爆破の仕事にとりかかった。

何千馬力かの壓力による強力な勢いで飛び出す水力のために、雪も土も砂利も石も、一つの濁水となってフルームを洪水のように流れて下る。その濁水の底を砂がもともに流れ、所々に設けてある水銀の引力に結びつき、採金されるという仕掛であった。

その年の夏を通して働いた青年達の一かく千金の夢は泥水とともに消えて流れ去った。獲物は輕く、足どり重く山を下って、思い〳〵の冬ごもりの土地に散って行った。

私は、土への希望を捨てきれず、未開の土地をフレザー沿岸に購い、直ちに開墾作業を始めた。大木と取り組んで力闘した若い頃を思うと全く夢のようだ。

當時ミッションには藤野条吉、橋爪太四郎兩氏が先住して既に苺栽培を始めて開かれた。私もふくめて多くの後續同胞農業で兩先輩の指導を受け、基礎を築き發展したのであるが、惜しいかな兩氏とも既に故人となられ、その功勞をねぎらうすべもない。爾来私は太平洋戦争が始り同胞の沿岸立退きが行われるまで三十三年間フレザー・ヴァレーの土に親しみ土と共に生活して日本より妻を迎え三男三女を恵まれた。

総移動となるや、土に生活する私達一家は、シュガービーツ作りを移動先きに選んでアルバータ州に移ったものの、子供等が東部遊學を望んでやまず、土を離れて第二の移動先としてモントリオル市に移ったのは一九四四年の暮であった。

モントリオルで都會生活をすること凡そ十年、子供達も學校を終えてそれぞれの道に巣立って行ったが、たまたま二男坊が南オンタリオにて農業を始めることになったので、三度びカナダの土に親しめることとなった。こうして半世紀にわたる過去を追想しつつ、温暖、沃土に恵まれた南部オンタリオの土を愛でつつ人生の日暮れを閑静に送れる田園老兵たる私は、土にかえった喜びを感謝しているのである。

冬空に

（故愛子さんに） 明美

愛ちゃん！

あの獨唱會のあつた公會堂のまわりも今は青葉もすぎ、そして霜もすぎ雪にうもれて寒いトロント州の風が諷々と鳴っています、あなたのお病氣快癒を祈つたくした青空も、この頃は灰色にどんよりとたれこいます。

あなたがお亡くなりになつたとき、私はどう［illegible］でも考えられません。そして思いたくもありません。きっと多くの皆様も同じことでしょう「我等の愛ちゃん」が死んだなんて本當に勿体なく惜しいことですもの。あなたが、普段の半分にもやせられたこと、ところて想像がつきません。

どっしりした體格と、太陽のような明るさ、華やかさ。愛ちゃんのほか考えられないんですもの。そこに今もレコードにはあなたの美しいお聲があふれていますものね。それから、あなたが置土産の「滿州里小唄」もみんなとても上手に歌えるようになりました。でもあなたがお聞きになつたら苦笑なさることでしょうね

思い出せばあなたをお迎へしての短かい日でしたが樂しいものでした。よく話し、よく笑い、そしてよく食べましたわね。そんなに重いご病氣だってことも知らずの私達グループの遠慮なきを心ける方は人の氣も知らないでつい思われたことでしょう。知っていたらそっと大切にして差上げたでしょうにね。どんなに［illegible］たかつたことでしょう。

私達はよく歌いました。ある日、あなたが「すまり笑っちゃつたんがいた。そうなつちゃった、あんた達にかかつちゃや叫わないわね」て心から嬉しく笑ったことを。いま、それを思えばせめてもの慰めとはなりますよ。

先夜、あなたの追悼會が市協主催で行われました。しめやかな集いでした。去年の獨唱會のあつた日より一ヵ月早い秋深い日に獨唱會の日のような菊の大輪をあなたの寫眞の兩脇に飾りました。悲しみの前に私の頭の中には、立派だった獨唱會の夜、拍手がパッと揚って、今も形見レコードに［illegible］した。

［illegible］［illegible］なた［illegible］らっしゃいます。そのふくよかな明るいお顔を、あなたの御心そのもいの清らかな瞳を、アメリカ・トロントのお話なさる愛ちゃん「我等の歌姫」と寶石のように大切に高［illegible］体［illegible］て來た私達の手から高く天國に行って終われたなんて［illegible］よ。

クリスマスと新年を祝賀し併せて各地同胞の健在を祈る

江畑	忠む 家族 同
古川	忠三 家族一同
平城	智海 家族一同
堀川	長太郎 家族一同
篠原	嘉吉
藤岡	清一 家族一同
藤野	文之助 すゑ
磯島	勇次郎
大河原	象次郎 政子
早川	政徳 ナツノ 幹雄 慶子
岩本	喜代吉
井頭	京一 同 隆 安昇
栗田	松二 初子
菊地	又雄 キヨ 家族一同
唐津	尚一 家族一同
小原	秋平 綾子 家族一同
加藤	勝次郎 同 サシヱ
松居	新蔵 かね 加奈子 博之 正勤 行
丸橋	半七 きと 家族一同
松井	義太郎 同 ジャック
佐藤	定 ツイ
角	利顯 おいそ 家族一同
勢古	徹 照子 家族一同
坂本	忠義 同 神野 時雄 南家族一同
岡元	寅助 政枝 幸勇 子剛
木村	義一 代枝 信行 美子 圭介 義雄 音於 正美 義
曾良	喜三 登子 吉雄
鳴湖	金太郎 家族一同
諸美	喜次 家族一同
清水	吉次 すゑ
新谷	春守 同 後藤 三男 初枝 同 家族
田尻	寅男 同 昭
玉根	伎 フイ
田ノ上	永太郎 エチ ナエ カ子 静エ ヨシ

謹賀新年

高橋幸三郎

家族一同

賀正

昨年中は日系各位様より多大の御引立を蒙り有難く存じます。今年も相変らず御願申し上げます

バナーデ・マセース商會代理

堀謙次

トロント市西セントクレア街一〇七五

賀正

日本郵船會社
アメリカン・プレシデント汽船會社
カナディアン・パシフィク汽船會社

西利次

野田保一郎

他家族一同

謹賀新年

三尾村カナダ連絡協會

トロント支部

クリスマスを祝し新年をお祝します

齒科醫 三宅榮壽

同 ツル

同 レイ子

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479 Queen St. W., Toronto 2-B, Ont.
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一年六弗 半年三弗
日本文編集者
梅月高市 森研三

クリスマス 新年特別號 〔第一部〕

鮎の書と民藝品

梅月高市

八島太郎様

御無沙汰のおわびを紙上でする始末です。あなたも、加州へ行かれたり、ニューヨークへ戻ったりのお忙しさで暇が得られないために、こんどは何も書いて頂けなかったのだと思います。

申しおくれましたが、御書「道草いっぱい」が、ニューヨーク市立図書館から、今年度の児童推薦図書に選ばれ、その「良い絵本」の本年度代表として、優良図書展示会で児童図書に関する講演をされ、またこの本はその後ますます好評を得て米国のキリスト教伝道師協会の本年度下半期優良図書として推薦されたということが、近畿の朝日新聞に大きく報じられているのを見て、大いに喜んだことでした。お祝いを申上げます。

私の方は、何かといわばトラウト釣りのことばかり恐い入りますが、今年も夏分の不漁だったのを、十一月末の最後の折に、大きな肥ったのを釣り上げて先ず満足し、これを凍らして仕舞ってあることだけはお知らせしたい。そして、このトラウトを白焼焼にしてピーシー州の友人が送り届けてくれた塩鮭やスズコなどで、あなたといっしょにお茶漬をたべることが出来たら――などと思っているところです。今年は天候の加減で、数の子昆布がとれなかったので、あなたの好物を送ることが出来なかったので。

自慢話はこれだけです。この手紙を書くわけは、こんど一人の日本書家と文通が出来るようになったのをお知らせしたいからです。いつぞやあなたのお便りにあった民藝品のことについても、この書家は力を入れているということです。

日本に瀧井孝作という作家があります。この人の小説を讀んだことはありませんが、今年また新たに見出した文通の友で神戸にいる河野通武君から、この瀧井孝作氏の書いた「釣なかま」という本を、秋の初め頃に送って貰いました。この魚釣の寫生文は、どこまでが随筆で、どこまでが小説だかわからない、私小説その他、日本の文學の特質の一つについて考わさせられるものがある、と評されている快よい(特に私には)本でありますが、その中の「山中釣遊」という一節で、オヤ、と思ったことでした。それは著者の故郷である岐阜縣(飛騨國)高山にある生家で只一人自炊生活をしている七十九歳の老父を訪ねた時に、宮川で釣りをしたことを書いたものです。

その宮川が信濃川の上流なのか、木曽川の上の方かそれとも長良川とつながっているのか、そのへんのことはよく知りませんが、恰度この本を讀んでいる頃に、やはり岐阜縣下で、鵜飼で名高い鮎の名所、長良川の上流、美濃國八幡町に住んでいて、若い時から鮎の書の研究を數十年にわたって續けているという水野柳人という日本書家からはじめてお手紙を頂いたのでした。わざわざ瀧井氏の隨筆を引合に出したのは、釣り狂のこじつけになるかも知れませんが、私にしてみれば、そこに何かの因縁があるのではなかろうか、などと一寸思ってみたからです。

話はややこしくなって來ますが、書家水野柳人氏は「おもだか家」といって、漢方藥製造の本家の主人で、家傳「赤木」という、胃腸病一切、特に胃潰瘍の特効藥を製造している人ですが、私がそのことを知ったのはピーシー州スローカンにいる松村きよさんの良人の老年恩給下附申請を世話してあげたことからです。そして松村さんは、今から三十年も前に日本にいた頃、「赤木」という妙藥があることを聞き覺えていたのを、たまたま、日本にいる弟さんが胃癌で悩んでいるのを教つてやりたさに、この「赤木」という漢方藥をすすめて効能があったことから水野氏と文通がはじまり、その松村さんは、私の魚釣り氣違いの自己宣傳を讀んでいて、トラウト釣りに熱中するなら、鮎の書にも興味はあろう、というわけで紹介して下さった。――と、まあ、こういう次第だったのです。

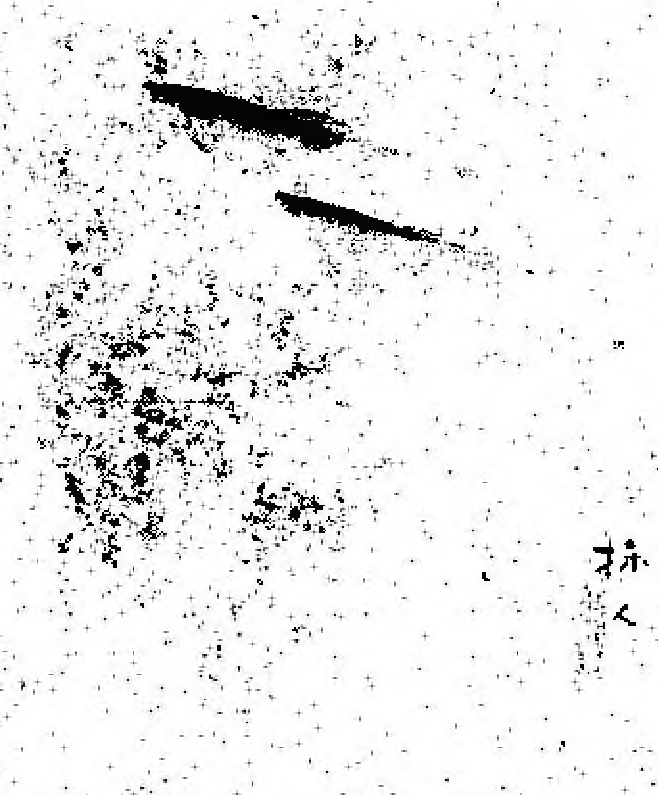
さて、前書きが大變長たらしくなりましたが、水野柳人氏から頂いたお手紙には、「鮎は日本特有の魚で、しかも、容姿端麗品高く、味覺も共に魚の王座であり又歴史も一番古い魚でありますが、繪にするには、大へん六ケしいところから、あまり多くの畫家が手に染めて居りませんので、私が一生の事業として身心をうち込んで今日までの研究をしましたものです。」とあり去年大阪の大丸デパートで個展を開き、今年は東京のデパート三越でこれを開催したときの「むれ鮎」「やな鮎」の書の寫眞や、民藝品陳列の一部の寫眞など添え、別に鮎の色紙を送って下さったのですが、そのうちの一枚はここにカットにして出してみました。

民藝品については、「觀光日本のために、民藝品の蒐集につとめて、美しい日本の古代文化(民衆的)を観賞して工藝日本の近代に貢獻したいとつとめて居ります」と水野氏は書いていますが、このことについては東海毎日新聞に出た同氏の論稿「民藝品(フォーク・アート)美と生活趣味」と題する一文も添えてありました。

この中で水野氏は、敗戰日本の過去に「善」にしてそれを現在および未來に反映せしめて意義あるものは民藝品の美であることを指摘されて、

一般民衆即ち無名の職人や農民などの手によって作られ、一般民衆の日常生活に使用されている雜器――民藝品に正しい理解を持つことが趣味の向上であり、日常生活の美化である。趣味とは日常生活に現れた國民のたましいであるといったロダンの言葉の如く民衆から生れた無名の作品にこそ愛すべき眞の國民の生命が反映しているのであるとて、あくまで大衆的である民藝品に、日常使用する實用品の中に、美を求め、趣味を感じ、生活を樂しむことを心懸けねばならぬことを述べられていますが、同感しました。

そして水野氏は、いつかは、民藝品の展覧會と繪の會を、そちらまで、もって行きたいと念願していると書き添えてありますが、そんな機會が得られて、あなたにもお會いして頂くことが出來たら、どんなにか嬉しいことだろうと思っています。



「つれあゆ」 水野柳人

土地と性格

モントリオル　淺江生

何れの土地でも、その地特有の性格とふん囲氣がある。この性格とふん囲氣に自分自身がぴったりと調和出來たら居心地が好くなる。モントリオール市は佛系カナダ人が多いためか他市と異った點が多い。私が當地に來た當時種々異樣の感に打たれた。一例を擧げると、家屋の構造である。二階にのぼるステップがクセン形になり、同じ家屋が一ブロックも連續している。夜半歸宅する場合、うっかりすると隣りのハウスに入り込むことがある。

私の知人が或晩、いい氣持になってわが家に歸ってみると白人がいるので「君は何をしに來たか」と尋ねて反對にやられたので室内の装飾をよく見ると、少し變っているのに氣付き、やっと隣りに入ったことがわかり、ほうほうの態で出たということである。

美人を見たかったらモントリオールにお出で下さい電車、バスに乗って氣のつくことは、さながらハリウッドのスターロから抜け出して來たような美人が多いことです。これには色々な理由があると思う。佛系婦人は日本人の如く頭髪の黒いのが多い。美しいスキンと整ったプイチュアーをしている。それに化粧を好くする。いつも最近流行の衣裳を身につけている。これは流行の先端をゆくニュヨークが近いせいであろう。

男性も同じく、いわゆる昔の江戸っ兒氣質でフライデーにペイを貰ったらモンデーにはカメコ銭がないという連中が多い。彼等は着物や娯樂に金を使う。

モントリオール市はカナダ第一の都市として自他共に許している。トロント市とは何事につき競争である。市長同志でも何時もあらゆる部門の統計をしめして自家宣傳をやっている。然しトロントにサブウェーをやられたにはシャッポをぬいだ観がある。日系人の多いこともトロント市は断然トップを切っている。我々日系人のサイコロジーか、同胞が少いと淋しさを感ずるのか、われもわれもとトロント市に集合している。散在政策も集合政策に逆轉がこれは日系人の持つ傳統的性格であろう。

ともあれ、モントリオール市の日系人はこの地を第二の故鄕とし、相當に根を下ろしている。子供も大人になり、カナダ人としての自信とプライドを持ち活躍している。彼等により當地はその青春時代を過したのを忘れ難い愛着をもっている。

そしてモントリオール市の性格とふん囲氣にぴったりと調和し、全く都會兒となった。更に知性と教養に一段とミガキをかけるなら國際人としての資格を持つ事は容易である。

心の平安

ハミルトン　沖見寅雄

原爆、水爆の恐怖の去らぬままに、今年も早や師走となった。私達人類の上には、世界の未來に對する不安が、重くのしかかったまま、一九五四年が將に終らんとしている。全世界の人類の望む平和も現實のような世界の情勢では、早急に實現しそうにない。そして人々は益々心の平安を失って行く一方である。

心のピース、それは世界の平和が來なければ、又、原、水爆の恐怖が全く無くならなければ、絶對に得られないものであろうか、と私は時々一人で考えてみる。又、心の平安は世界の情勢や境遇等によって常に左右されるものであろうか、とも考えてみる。もしそうであれば、今日のような世界の現状では、一体何時になったら、眞の心の平安を得られるだろうか……。

今日多くの人々は、あまりにも心の平安を得るのに物質面に頼りすぎているように思える。境遇の變化によって、或は、世界の情勢の如何によって亂れる平安が、眞のものであると私は考えたくない。何物によっても動かない、亂れない心の平安、それのみが眞のものではないだろうか？

私はそうした平安を絶えずもちつづけたいと念願する。一年三百六十五日、時間にして八千七百六十時間を常に變らない平安をもって暮したいと思う。年が變ろうが、戦争が始まろうが失業しようが、病氣になろうが、絶對に變らない、亂れない眞の心の平安を保ちつづけたい。或人は「この世にそんなものは無い、そんなものは、絶對に得られない」と言われるかも知れない。しかし、それがないならば、人間は、絶對に幸福になれないと思う。不安は決して人に幸福をもたらさない。それでは、どうしたらその眞の平安が得られるだろうか？

先ず私達は、不變の平安は得られるものであると確信しなければならない。確信は平安を生む。又それと共に、感謝する事を忘れてはならない。感謝は幸福と平安を生み出す母である。そして今一つ考えてみなければならないことがある。それは私が、何を如何に信ずるかということだ。これは心の平安を探すカギである。と私は信ずる。とかく今日の私達は、あまりにも物質的の生活に追われすぎて、精神的な方面のことを忘れ勝ちであるが、せめて年に一度の年末には、こうしたことも考えてみる必要があるのではないかと思う

一年の計は元旦にありと言って、誰でも、今年こそはと、元旦には新しい計畫を立て、目的を持ち直す。然し、果して何人の人が、その自分の立てた計画を、自分が如何に實行したかということを、一年の終りに反省してみるだろうか？年に一度の年末を、こんな風に用いてみることも決して無益ではないであろう。そして、合わせて自分の心に眞の平安があるかどうかをも考えてみたいものである

いばれない世界一

日本の「汚職」

さいきんフランスから帰つだある外交官の話によると、乱暴な運転では世界有数のパリのタクシーが、ところにくらべて実に落ち着いてきたのには驚いたそうである。その原因をいろいろ調べてみたら、それはマンデス・フランス首相が難局打開に乗出し、とにもかくにもフランスの進むべき道をハッキリ打出して以来、フランス国民の心に希望の灯がともり、落ち着きをとり戻した結果らしいというのである。

「政治とはこういう微妙なものですよ。それにくらべてわが国はどうです。危くてタクシーなど乗れないじゃないですか。それにパリは自動車だけでなく、騒音もなくなりつつあるということです。静かに落ち着いて新方途を発見したい。落ちつかぬとすればそれは国際問題ばかりでなく、国内政治—ひいてはめいめい国民一人々々の責任ということになりますね」（蠟山政道）

この話を聞いたらタクシーの運転手諸君は怒るにきまつている。「そんなこといつたつて食わやしねえ」どうしたら静かに走つて食えるようになるか？どうやらメーターは政治の歯車につながつているらしい。その歯車を動かす人の問題、うらやましい例の一つである。

話が中共に行くと、これはまた手ばなしだから驚かされる。「平和共存」のジェスチュアだろうが、なんだろうが、選挙を前に「中共視察」のハクをつけてくれたうえ、国際政治でもいまや花形の周恩来総理から「××先生」「○○さん」といつてもらえばもう鬼の首でもとつたよう。一番批判的だつたといわれる近藤日出造氏も「毛沢東はちつともスマートでない。ダブダブのツメエリ服を着ていたがそれがまた実に親しみを覚えさせた」といつている。

「大臣になれば家が建つ」日本の政治家の顔をその時思い浮べたかどうかは知らないが、政治の機微をついた観察には違いない。そして毛沢東は国民にこう呼びかける「常に反省せよ」

中共にはコジキがいないことに議員たちはびつくりした。と同時にコジキの数では世界で一、二を争うインドがあれほど国際的地位を高めていることを思いあわせて折柄中共訪問中のネール首相がこの時ほどえらく見えたことはなかつたそうだ。そして卒然として故国日本のパチンコの音、チン、ジャラジャラを思い出したものだそうだ。

「中共にはパチンコはむろんない。マージャンをやつたら体刑だ」（日本民主党松浦周太郎氏ほか）その代わり「ソ連ではコルホーズの汚い木造農家にも、大学生の下宿にもテレビがあつた」（右社党森芳夫氏）と政治と娯楽はいろいろだが、パチンコの話が出るというもパチンコ組合の顧問をしている有名な政治家の名が出るのも皮肉である。

汚職の話も出た。いや議員の歳費の話と言いなおした方がいいかも知れない。ソ連、中共をみて痛感したのは、日本で汚職が多いのは歳費が少いからであるという話。「共産主義国でも職業によつて収入に大きな差があり、議員ともなれば実に恵まれている。いま日本で議員の生活は平均月額二十万円から三十万円かかる。足りないところは補いをつけざるを得ない。汚職も出てくる。だから歳費を上げなさい。日本は悪平等だ」（日本民主党池田正之輔氏）この論の当否は別として、この話をそのまま裏返せば日本ほど議員の汚職の多い国はなかつたという「土産話」にもなるだろう

チヤザム 句會

房外
初日の出拝んで心静かなり
餅喰ふや入歯外して初笑ひ

清女
初日の出輝き染める雪樹海
孫の手に玩具持たせて初笑ひ

明士
東天の雲いにおがむ初日の出
友来り手を握りつつ初笑ひ

露女
輝ける望みを抱く初日の出
若やぎて心浮きけり初笑ひ

松葉
原爆の夢や清めん初日の出
箸をもつ白人客に初笑ひ

螢火
雪の連峰松は初日の影を生む
初笑ひ末娘は父の歳いえず

美津朗
初日影おどる窓の町はづれ
テレビみる友も変りて初笑ひ

焼かれてゆく落葉に

トロント　西村登美

夕暮の角をまがると、街路樹の落葉をかき集めて焚いている人がいる。やや薄暗くなりかけた夕闇に、火が赤々と燃えている。ああ今年の落葉が焼かれていると思うと、私の胸は言いようのない淋しさが突き上げてくるのであった。

落葉焚く赤き火夕べの道に見て、心さびしく歩みよりけり

トロントの街の街路樹はノーブルとチェスナツが主であるけれど、この街路樹ほど、私をたのしませてくれるものはない。春、夏、秋、冬、それぞれの季節にそれぞれの姿で、私をなぐさめ、うるをし、温ためてくれるので、焼かれて行く落葉を見ると、懐かしい友を送るような思いがする。

落葉焼く赤き焔にメープルの　一葉一葉が燃へつつ消ゆる

燃えてゆく落葉、消ねてゆく落葉、じつと見つめながら私は、ふと木の葉の一生を思つてみた。長い寒い冬を切り抜けてくる小さな木の芽、やがて春には柔く萌え出し、たくましい青葉となつてゆく、――風にもまれる日にも己れを失なわず、嵐のあと程、一層さわやかにさやぐ青葉、そして秋になれば、あとから来る者に自分の座をゆずつて、静かに散つて行く落葉。

私もこんな生き方がしたい。生命あるうち、もつと豊かに生きてゆこう、そう思いつつ私は、火のもとを立ち去るのであった。

落葉焚く煙しづかに流れ行き　夕べの街ににほひ漂よふ

○　○

夕食の仕度せきつつ勤めより　帰りたる身にエプロンをする

疲れて帰つた身にエプロンをかけて夕食の仕度をする。ああ、もう疲れているから何もしたくないと思つても、良人や子供のために何か考へなければならない。冷蔵庫からミートを出してみる。アニオンの皮をむくセロリーを切つてゆく。すると一日働いて来た疲れが少しづつ消えていつて、良人や子供の喜ぶものを作るたのしさが湧いてくるのである。そう〳〵今夜は久し振りにお味噌のお汁を作つてみようと思つてみる。

おみおつけ煮れば我が部屋ふるさとの　にほひとなりぬ今日の夕食

まだ娘の頃、母が一日中縫物や台所の仕事に追われているのを見て、お母さんは毎日々々あんなことばかりしていてつまらなくないのか知ら、と思つたものであるけれど、今、自分が母の位置になつてみて、母の心がわかつてくる。家族や来客を喜こばせようとするこの思いは、女の心をどんなに弾ませてくれるものだろう。

やがて出来上つた暖い夕食を、私はいそ〳〵とお皿に盛つてゆくのであった。

夫も子も我も安らに坐るなり　夕餉のにほひ立ちこむる部屋

○　○

また今年も日本からミカンが来る頃になった。ストアーからとどけられた木箱を見ると、幼友達がはるばる訪ずれてくれたように、なつかしい。

静岡よりはる〲来しかSHIZUOKAと読みつつ　あける日本のミカン

箱から一つ一つ出して行くミカンは、オレンヂにくらべると小さくて貧弱であるけれど、そのみすぼらしい姿を、私はいとしく、いじらしく思う。一つ取つて皮をむくと、オレンヂとちがつて、なんと安々むけることだろう、むけば日本のミカンの高い香が立つ。

ふるさとの土に育ちしこのミカン　オレンヂよりも高きかをりす

遠く来し日本ミカンの小さきを　すじ丹念にとりて味ふ

一ふくろ一ふくろ、口にふくんでゆきながら私は、一山いくらで並べてあつた日本の店頭を目に浮べる。おミカンをふんだんに食べて遊んだ子供の頃のお正月も廻つてくる。カルタ取りに、スゴロクに、あの頃はなんと楽しく、面白かつたことだろう。お盆に山盛に盛つて出されてあるおミカンが見え、畳の上に撒かれたカルタの札が見える。のどかな百人一首の歌声まで聞えてくるようである。

私は遠い日を懐かしみながら、あの頃のように、おミカンをお盆に盛つてみた。するとやつぱり、オレンヂにはない、新春の気分が漂ようのであつた。

盆にもれる日本ミカンをテーブルに　置けば今宵の部屋新春めける

○　○

バスタブに入れる湯の音ききてゐぬ　一日終へたる静かな夕べ

真白なる湯槽の中にそそぐ湯の　ふくらむごとく満ちて来にけり

ほの〲と湯気たち上る浴槽に　裸身の胸をいだきたたずむ

真白なバスタブに、なみなみと湯を入れて、その湯の中に体をのばす時、私はきまつたように、この国の豊かさを思い、豊かな中に生活している身を有難く思う。ほの〲と立つ湯気は顔を包み、電燈の光をつつみ、壁にゆらいで、バスルーム一杯を柔らかく煙らせている。しつとりと身を包むお湯のかぎりない温さ、私は憂を忘れ悲しみを忘れて、今日一日の生活のあつたことも忘れて目をつむる

かにかくに一日終へたる安けさよ　髪かきあげて湯槽にしづむ

心足ふ湯のあたたかさひざ小僧　二つそろへてひつそりとある

何も思わず、何も考えず湯につかりながら、生れて産湯をつかう、みどり兒の心は、こんなではなかろうかと思い、私も明日から新らしく生れかわろうと思つたりする。透明な湯にすける肌が常より美しく見えるのも、女の心に嬉しい。洗わばさわやかに立つ湯の音の心よさ、体のよごれも心のよごれも、落してくれるような湯の音を聴きながら、私は今日もひとときの湯浴みをたのしむ。

遠つ世のをみなもかくやしたりけむ　湯あみの湯さら〳〵肩にかけゆく

悲しい日本人の見榮

モントリオル 宮本傳太郎

日本にてナー君。

この手紙を書いている今は、もうぼつぼつクリスマス・ショッピングに人々の足が浮たつてるという十二月六日であるが、君は相變らず二十日ネズミの樣に東奔西走、忙しく立ち廻つているのであろう。

君を思うたびに何て忙しい人なのだろうとつくづく思う。君の弟の死んでからでも二度君に會つているのだがふたりとも、しみじみ語りあいたいことは山程あるのに、それでいて我々は三十分もふたりだけで語り合う機會がなかつた。

恐らく一生君はそうして驅けづり廻るのであろう。

君にひきかえ僕は週に五日仕事に出るのと日曜に教會に參る以外殆んどうちに引きこもつて來た。野菜や草花いじりのあいまに新聞や雜誌を拾い讀みする以外は殆んど足一歩も外に出ないでいると言つていいだろう。

たまには行きたい社會的會合や見たい映畫はないでもないが、つい億劫で止めてしまう。歳の加減でもあるが、又性格なのでもあろう。

ここに引きこもつていても絶えず日本の姿は懐しいのであろう、君の通信はいつも興味を以て見ている。

僕は日本を五十年近くも見ない男だが、だから新聞や雜誌で盛んに書きたてる戰後の亡國日本の姿なんて餘りピンと頭にこないのだがそれでも六百萬の失業者、生活保護を受けている世帶の人口二百萬、結核患者千三百万人、ヒロポン患者數百万という數字は、あの狭い國土を頭に置いて考えると戰慄ものである。

餘りにも貧しい日本、くる日もくる日も餓死線上をさまよう幾千幾百萬の罪なき民衆の姿は思つても胸の痛むことである。

だが君こちらにくる日本の人達は君たち少數の人々をのぞいては、この痛ましい日本の姿をありのままに傳えはしないのだ。悲しい日本人の見榮ともいえようが、カナダの勞働法は世界でも有名な進歩的なものと聞いていますがと言えば、いや日本のはもつと進んだものです。こちらに來てもたいして研究すべきものもありませんと斯うだ。日本の着物、特にユカタのあのセイソな感じは非常に良いものだが、あれに創意を加えて白人向きのドレスなどに應用すると案外需用があると思うのですがと言えばいやそれは既にやつとりますと斯うだ。ところが何年經つてもそんなものは姿を現わしはしない。

總じて日本の官僚とか支配階級の中に巣くう寄食者の連中は外國に來てまでその見榮と外聞にこびりついた生活から脱けられないのだろうかと悲しくなる。

有名なラジオ連續劇「君の名は」、この事勿れ主義、立身出世主義の官僚と庶民の貧しさに追われながらも人間愛と社會的良心に生き拔こうとする姿を對照せしめて、そこに現在の社會的縮圖を展開した點に非常に興味はあると思うが、そこにも僕は日本の政治の貧困の依つて來たる原因、支配階級のホウかむりを見出した樣に思う。

それは兎も角、遙々セイロンまで行つて來た君だから、そして敏感な君のことだから、とうから感じていたことと思うが、日本を含めたアジアの貧窮ということは今日の世界の課題であると思う。

植民地アジア、半植民地日本、そのどこを見ても解放のあがき、自立のもだえにあえいでいないところがない。ながい間の西洋の壓迫にあえいでいたアジアの民衆は今こそ本來の自由に立ちかえろうともがいているのでなかろうかと、この閑居からひそかに僕は想像するのだ。そしてこのアジア十何億の民衆の解放なくしては世界の平和を語ることの空しいものであることを知るのである。

アジアは解放されるであろうか、貧困アジアの民衆は自由のいぶきに立直ることはあるであろうか。そしてそのリーダーシップはどの國が取るであろうか。誰が先頭に立つて解放の旗を押し立てるであろうか。

忙しく立ち廻つている君まるで年中寧日なしといつた樣な君も、たまには故鄉の田舎居で斯んな事を考えないだろうか。

「クリスマスの唄聲に思う――」

サモン・アーム　ゆみ

クリスマスの唄聲がレヂオから流れ出すと私はぱつと十二月を思い、クリスマスをなつかしむ思いに胸がお熱くみちるのを覺えます。

サモン・アームの町の廣場には、今年も又、大きいクリスマス・ツリーが立てられる事でしょう。赤、青グリーン、金の灯がともると、子供達の心にはファーレォーを見、サンタ・クロースのプレゼントを待つ日の懐しさがよみがえり、大人達の胸にも亦温い灯がともされます。

あの郷愁に似た愛しさを誘うクリスマスの歌のメロヂィーが街角から流れ、粉雪の降りしきる廣場にはサンタ・クロースのスレーを待つ子供達の、幼い者の手を引き或は抱く大人達の、愉しいざわめきが去年のように、おとどしのように今年も亦おこることだろう。

ハットにもコートにも雪は小止みもなく降りかかりいつか真白く積り始める。でもみんな、たのしい笑みをたたえていました。温いやさしいほほえみでした。時々雪を拂いながら見かわす人々の微笑には、幼い心を愛する者のみが持つ、あの知己の親しさが見られました。

かなしみも、うれいも、なやみも、憎しみも知らないような笑顔の、何という和やかな美しさでしたでしう。マウント・アイーダから來るというサンタのスレーを、一包のキャンデーバッグを、みんな童心にかえつて待つ一時の、朗らかな雪の日の光景を今私は思い出しています。

雪の明け暮れる田舎町の十二月。オーチャードの丘の起伏の美しい町。静かな湖沿いの町の素朴な愛情を私は愛しみます。

就職に勉學に、いつか巣立つてゆく若人たちの胸にも十二月の訪れは、クリスマスの唱歌と共に、育くまれた町のたのしい思い出をどんなになつかしくよみがえらせることでしょう。

新年雑詠

ト市　日高　秋峰

元旦の空へ世紀の日を還す

元朝の子に日輪を贈るべし

新禧軸示さん希ひ年明けぬ

（御降誕を寿ぎて）

聖にかよふ夜典のひかり調しずかにふとおふがん朝日子の影

偶感一束

ロンドン　春仙

信仰を教會堂に置き忘れ

道草で可惜半生棒に振り

懺悔せばわれも昔の踊り草

夜の電車内の事

ー余くいやな酔っぱらいー

【東京発】アメレの世の中と はいにボナスシーズンも 間近。寒さと街中にひびきかたるクリスマスの花やかなメロディーにつれ、あよいと ばい、さいみ祭のれんをくぐりたくなる男性がますますふえてくるでしょう。ところがいい気になってのんだ揚句、ぐでんぐでんの酔つた足どりで帰途につくのが常のこと。おかげで周囲の人たち、ことに女性にとってはどんなに迷惑でどんなにいやなことか。ちょうど夜の車中でのできごとを寄せてきた秋山ちえ子さん（エヌ・エイッチ・ケー・婦人の時間担當）の「私の見たこと」を紹介してみましょう。

◇

夜の電車の中の出来ごとだつた。

いつぱいきげんの男の人達が、かなり乗つていた。

車が、ガタンとゆれた時足もとのあぶない人たちははげしくよろめいた。

そして、私の近くにいた四人づれの中の一人が、前の座席にかけていた娘さんのひざの上に、ドシンと、こしをおろしてしまつた。

立ち上ろうとするその人を、つれの酔つぱらいがおさえた。

「處女のひざの上の感じはどうだ」

「獨身者は、これだけでも、精力がはいるぞ。遠慮せずにさ、[illegible]つかまってろよ」ご次第に[illegible]くなってくる。

娘さんは、一生懸命、立ち上ろうとするが、どうにも動きがとれない。

「誰か、彼女をたすけてやらないだろうか」

と、あたりを見廻したが、まわりの人は手に、夕刊やら週刊紙をひろげている。

しかし、よくみると熱心に讀みふけつている人は、數える程で、大かたはチラリチラリとウワ目やヨコ目で、なりゆきをみている。

民主主義の良心は、これでいいものであろうか。

私はとうとうたまりかねて、酔つている人の中で、一番年配の人の前にたち「あなたのお嬢さんがこんなにされたらどうですか」といつてにらんでやつた。

酔つぱらいたちも、一瞬なりをひそめ、こしをおろしていた人も立ち上つた。

娘さんも立つて、車のすみに行き、ハンカチで目をおさえていた。

ところが、この一瞬がすむとまたひとさわぎ。

「近頃の女はすげえよ。お前は平林たい子か、いやさ、麻生の和子ですかいな」

「大變な世の中になつたもんだよ。こんな女がいるから、ますます住みにくい」

などと口ぎたなくまくしてる。

餘りうるさいので、車掌のところに行き、注意してほしいといったんだ。

ところが「まあ、酔つての上のことですから」という返事だつた。

この言葉を今まで、何度きかされただろう。またこの言葉の庇（ひ）護のもとに、意識して便乗する「酔つぱらい」のなんと多いことか。

酒をのんでいれば相當ひどい言動もみのがされる場合が多過ぎるのではなかろうか。

日本のように「酔つての上」という言葉が、幅をきかせている國はない。外國では、酒で正常な意識を失つた人の行動は、むしろ嚴罰主義が多いということも聞いている。「酔つての上で…」という言葉が、一日も早く社會に通用しないようにならなければと思う。

この車中の小事件でもう一つ氣になるのは、こしをかけられた女の人を、新聞をみていた車中の人の態度である。

なぜあの娘さんははつきりと「どいて下さい」とか、まわりの人に「すみません、力をかして下さい」とたのまなかつたか。

涙と しおらしい態度が「女らしい」の大きな要素である時期は、とつくに過ぎたはずである。

いうべき時にははつきりと口をきくことが出來なければ女性の地位の向上も、男女平等も、明るい地域社會もあつたものではない。

車中の人々の傍觀的な態度、これは何と解釋したらいいのだろう。

口をきけば、きかないより事は面倒になるかもしれない。しかしあの場合、皆が一齊に「やめろ」といつたら、事はすぐすんでいたかもしれない。

みんながいうべき時に、はつきりと物をいう勇氣を持ちたいものである。これが出來なくて、何が民主主義であろうかと、つくづく思うのである。

クリスマスを祝し新年を慶賀します

赤坂 隆雄 New Denver, B.C.

遠藤 久子 New Denver, B.C.

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泉 喜市郎 New Denver, B.C.

井上 重隆 同 はな 同 [illegible]子 New Denver, B.C.

石橋 與七郎 New Denver, B.C.

小山 定次郎 New Denver, B.C.

片岡 吉太郎 同 コヨ 同 潔（キヨシ） New Denver, B.C.

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中田 ナカ New Denver, B.C.

中鶴 鶴松 同 [illegible]き New Denver, B.C.

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立道 長太郎 同 りく 敷土渡 New Denver, B.C.

遠山 本三 同 き[illegible] New Denver, B.C.

氏家 [illegible] New Denver, B.C.

内角 喜太郎 同 [illegible]枝 New Denver, B.C.

山田 庄平 同 きよ[illegible] New Denver, B.C.

山崎 元枝 New Denver, B.C.

上田 豊太郎 同 さみ New Denver, B.C.

手術後經過良好退院自宅靜養中故降誕及び年始の禮を欠く
[illegible]口 勝三 New Denver, B.C.

喪中につき年末年始の禮を缺きます
中島 達吉 同 [illegible]き New Denver, B.C.

喪中に付クリスマスの禮を欠く
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クリスマス
新年特別號
（第二部）

飛鳥（あすか）時代をしのぶ

（神戸）嘉納とわ

いかるがのさとのをとめはよもすがらきぬはたおれり秋ちかみかも

これは會津八一（あいづやいち）氏のお歌ですが、常に古典に親しむものは、今年の秋は誰も彼もといふやうに斑鳩（いかるが）の里を訪れ修理復元を終つた法隆寺へと詣るのでありました。この感激を遠い同胞の方々にもお話して日本の國の古へを偲びたいと思ふのであります。

生駒山脈の南麓の傾斜が龍田川へと低くなるあたり丘陵を背にして法隆寺の大伽藍があります。法隆寺は昭和九年から約二十年の年月をかけて、中門、廻廊、大講、五重塔、金堂（こんどう）と次々修理を終へ漸く茲に世界的文化財の復元が完成されたのであります。それで本年十一月三日澄み渡る秋空のもと、斑鳩の里一圓に伽藍の鐘は鳴り響きおごそかに、落慶法要が行はれたのであります。

私は今この壯麗な堂塔を仰ぎつつ、千三百三十餘年の古へ、即ち西暦にして六世紀の終り頃の、此の飛鳥（あすか）時代を遠く偲ばないでは居られないのであります。彼の大陸文化が朝鮮半島を經て日本に流れ入り、この青山なす森や林の中に麗はしくこの伽藍が出現したといふ事實に今更驚きの眸を見張るのであります。

堂塔は百濟（くだら）化された北魏（ほくぎ）式だと言はれています。南に中門、北に講堂、金堂と塔とは、左右に對置されています。これは飛鳥時代の特徴であり柱はエンタシスであります。

法隆寺安置の佛像は釋迦三尊、藥師三尊、その他、百濟觀音や夢殿（ゆめどの）の救世（ぐせ）觀音など、その表現は素朴で顔貌は男性的でありながら、それぞれ、口邊に眼もとに微笑がただよふ如くであります。

會津八一氏の歌に

—百濟觀音—
ほほゑみてうつつごころにありたたすくだらほとけにしくものぞなき

—救世觀音—
あめつちにわれひとりゐてたつごときこのさびしさをきみはほほゑむ

このように詠まれています。

かやうな佛像は支那六朝時代の形式が朝鮮の百濟を經て日本に傳へられたもので後世の佛菩薩にくらべて特種な趣があります。この飛鳥時代から白鳳、天平、中安、と、時代が下つて來ますに隨つて佛の相貌は柔らか味を帶び慈悲の態がうち出されて來ますが、飛鳥の時代は、佛の智慧の力が主として表現されているようであります。この佛菩薩たちは、名人、止利佛師（とりぶつし）一門によつて制作されたと傳へられて居ります。何としても歴史を傳へる記錄も伴いが、斯うした寶物の遺跡が日本に存在してゐるといふことは、我が民族の古代の眞相を目のあたりに見ることが出來るので實に喜びであります。

×　×

千三百三十餘年の昔、この異邦の文化を採り入れたその當時の日本人の心をふかく肴へさせられます。全く飛鳥時代はその名のように、わが國の飛躍時代でありませう。かかる新來の文物の採り入れ方と申しますか、これは全く大事な事だつたと思はれます。異質の文化の受け入れ方によつては、其の國は社會的、思想的の混亂を起すことが必定であありますが、飛鳥時代の場合この異質の大陸文化を採り入れる心用意に勝れたものがあるのがうなづかれます。この當時、寺院建立については、『君親の恩の爲に』とか『父祖の爲に』とか、さうしたことを趣意としたことが日本書記に記錄されて居りますが、これは日本の氏族制度の社會の地盤の上にとり入れるべき一つの形がはつきりとわかるので、此後に其の時代の精神を生かしつつ他國の文物をとり入れた當時の政治力の強さには全く頭が下るのであります。

さて此の時代の政治力を思ふ時、大きくうかび上つてくるのは、推古天皇の攝政としての聖德太子であります。全く飛鳥文化の主導的立場に任らせられたのがこの太子で、聖德太子の出現は、日本で言うよりも世界の文化史の上でも重大な意義があろうかと思はれます。かの日本最初の憲法である十七條憲法をも制定されて居ります第一條「和を以て貴しとなす……」といふ章句から始まり「衆と共に謀り獨斷（ひとりだん）すべからず」など、平和な精神は夫々の章句によく汲まれる所であります。

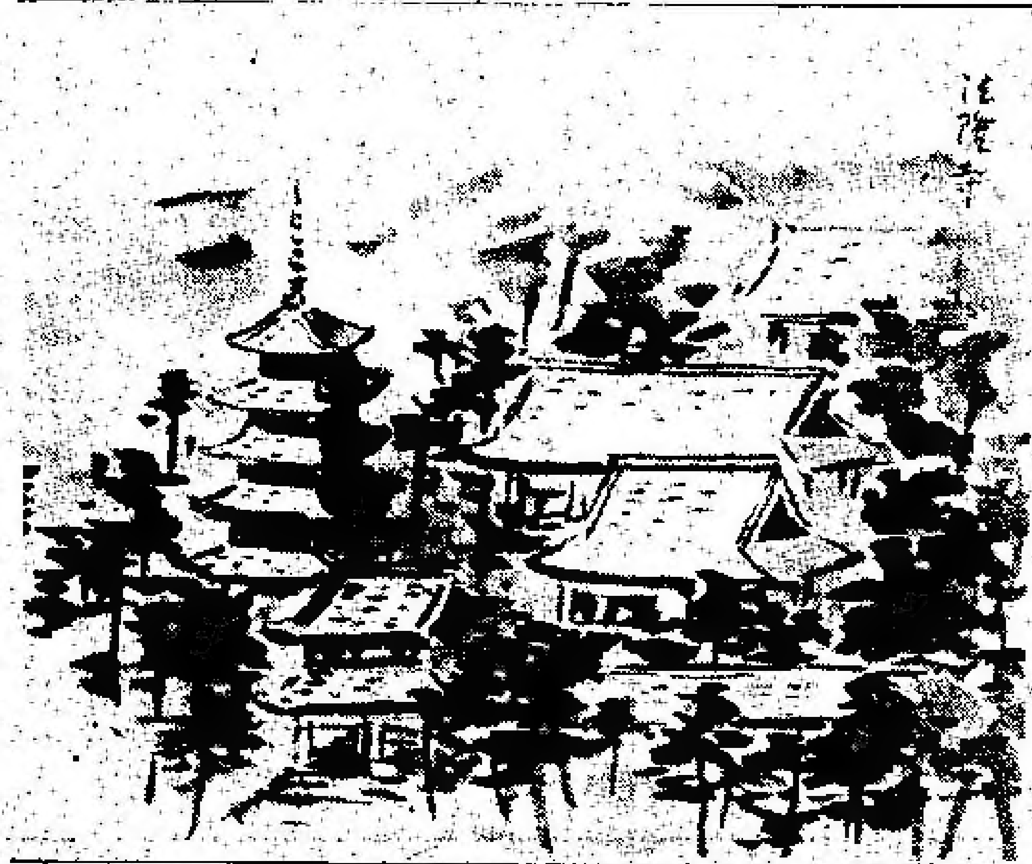
聖德太子は法隆寺の東院のあるあたりに斑鳩の宮をしつらはれ、そこから毎日名馬黒駒に乘つて、推古天皇の在らせられる小懇田（をわりだ）の朝廷へ通はれたと言はれてゐます。なほ又、法隆寺の夢殿は太子が瞑想に更けられた所だなどとも言ひ傳へられて居ります。

會津八一氏の歌に

夢殿はしづかなるかなものもひにこもりていまもましますがごと

といふのがありますが、聖德太子はよく外來文化をこの日本の國土深く植ゑ付け日本のものとして醇化せしめられたその業績は實に千三百三十餘年の今日に於て猶、不滅である如く永遠に不滅であると思ふのであります。

（カットは嘉納とわ氏のスケッチ「法隆寺」）



勅題「泉」

青葉会同人

芳翠
初空や泉の底に去年の星
峯月
初騎や泉に觸れる馬の息
惠
岩松の映る泉や初日影
孤舟
初明り光る社の泉哉
みどり
初日の出射して泉の清さかな
湖畔
清めたる園の泉に初日影
孤葉
初日影泉に躍き光げ透きて

トロント曙句會「聖樹」

祈りおえし母娘に初日輝ける
初鏡に白髪子福者さ笑つまれ
聖樹求め歸るを家中で迎ふ
子を寫すレンズの中へ聖樹も入れ
初日輝き閃光放つ貯水塔
濁りなき友の變わりクリスマス
クリスマス賣れざりし樹が雪被る
聖樹飾る子は手近さを受けもちて
クリスマスカード膝に金銀の星踊ふ
父の持つ聖樹に幼き足はづむ
子等の意見まとめて聖樹買ひに出る
聖菓に刀を當つ背信の行爲めごさ

森田寶湖
神田陽山
橋本ふさえ
田中アカシャ
淺野鶴亭
千葉小松
西野壽の子
岡田きよみ
二階堂たかね
小田健蔵
壽美吟道
桜岡北斗

若水を汲めと書きせぬ泉哉　光枝
點じ初む庭主好みの飯泉　春雨

新年御勅題三つの物
初空や泉の底に去年の星
千古の杉に耀す七五三繩
百鳥の上下もなく囀りて
西田國芳

「御題」

• ピーシー　林子

今もなほ夢にて遊ぶ故里の泉のほとりなつかしきかも
庭さきに流るる泉靜か夜の枕に通ふ音の嬉しき
濁りなき泉のほとり佇づめば心清まる思ひこそすれ

ゆみ

ひそひそと鹿や訪ひいむたくましき農魂に夫が探りし泉

卜市　日高　秋峰

偏見の濁りながして人の世の愛の泉にわがこころみされ

卜市　日登志

清冽な泉の湧きて山が根に遊山の子が掌に受けて飲む

卜市　中野　千疊

夜の雪が吸ひ殘したる野の泉こんこんと湧き白雲を遊ば[illegible]

逝く年

卜市　中野千疊

勤勞に疲れし我が家の大き溝この現實に今年も暮るる
この湖に貫き通し短歌を詠む時こそ地球は常にまわりつつあり
土にかへる壽命朽ちにく大いなる生命と流れ歌に詠まなむ
純情な君の心に夜を晝に明るくやがて今年を送る
越年の用意出來たる安堵感今朝降る雪に思ひめぐらす
つらぬきて行く秋ごとよ生涯を歌詠みゆかむ生命と共に

雑詠

卜市　日登志

夢多き多感の日はさゝ過ぎて身近に迫る秋の響きゝ
吾が生の中年はここに過ぎし日の故山の夢は昔ながらに
生きとして生きゆく世のきびしきは常磐もここに通へられつつ
冬枯れの木立のなかに冷えびえとまばらに殘る白き木の實が
暮の町賑うむ人の群みをばかなへんものと急ぎごめすも

ニューカナディアン

THE NEW CANADIAN
479 Queen St. W.
Toronto 2-B, Ont.
(Phone EM. 6-5906)

毎週水土二回發行
半年三弗　一年六弗
日本文編集者
梅月高市　森研三

日本人と日系カナダ人

（思うままの記）

上里庵

或る學者の說によると、文明とは文化の創造を可能ならしめる社會狀態の謂であり、文明の消長は地質學、地理、經濟及び政治的諸條件に起因するというのである。

日本海陷沒前の原住民が考えられない限り、大古の日本人は丸木舟か丸太棒にしがみついて國土にあらわれた海の子であつた。彼等は太陽を拜して荒潮を乗り切る勇敢な冒險者であり、弓弦（ゆみづる）を鳴らして高笑する朗らかな人間であつたに違いない。この愛すべき自然人は、日本という地域に住みその地貌、地理、經濟、政治的要因の下に、日本文化を築き、現在の日本人を造り出したのであるが幾千年かの道程に於て、印度、支那から移入した儒佛一如（じゆぶついちよ）の思想は、實踐倫理の道として、封建思想と共に階級を造り、窮こい自律の道德觀を築き上げて來たのである。

最近日本から歸つた或る白人記者の話のうちに、日本人は一つの巨大な網の中に縛られている樣だと言つているが、永い外國の生活をしている私には、この網が何であるか判るような氣がするのである。

英字紙が、日本の自由黨に、特に保守黨と註を付けている場合が多いのは何を意味するのであろう。少年の頃、日本の小學校で自由という言葉は教わつたが、その內容についてはぼんやりとした印象しか殘つていない。板垣さんの自由黨の話とか、ワシントンが十三州の自由の爲に、獨立軍を率いて戰つたという歷史的物語として僅かに記憶しているばかりで、楠正成の忠義、貧德翁の勤勉、大石良雄の仇討物語程に頭の中に叩き込まれていないようである。

過去における日本の社會安全保證には家族制、階級制、教主制等によつて人民を統治する必要があつたのであろう。狹い國土に限られた資源のもとに過剩人口を生かして行くには、不可避的な統治の網であつたかも知れない。終戰後の社會の動きがどんな方向をたどつて居るかを的確に知る由もない吾々には、永い傳統を受継ぎ、四圍の狀態によつて習慣付けられた日本の人達が、一度の敗戰位で一變して自由な民主的國家を築き得るとは考えられない。鬼にアドリナリンを注射するとブルドッグを蹴飛ばすと言われるが、二千年の傳統と八千萬の國民は、デモクラシー位の注射で根本的な全面的な方向轉換は見られないであろう。日本の人達は現在、終戰直後の混亂狀態から立直つて、冷靜に身邊の諸問題を觀察解剖し對策を研究して居られるに違いない。そしてやがて對策遂行に適應した政治機構を建てられるものと信じて居る。

×

ところがえつて吾々日系人は、カナダ市民として比較的自由な社會に住んで居る爲か、却つてその自由さに無關心になり勝ちである。

戰前沿岸時代の日系人は人種的差別という傘をかぶらされて居た。就職上、企業上この傘が邪魔をして、青天白日の下に闊歩する明朗さを味わう事は出來なかつたが、それにも拘らず今日の基礎を築かれたパイオニアの、忍耐と努力は稱歎しなければならない。

然るに第二次大戰を契機としてカナダの國策に一定した方向を見るに至つた。連合國は軍事上、産業上カナダの全的協力を得る爲に獨立國家に對する尊敬と待遇を以て、自由諸國家群中カナダを高い地位に置いた。勿論カナダの資源と人口が有力な點だつたのは確かである。

當時カナダの人的資源は英佛系の數群の他に南北歐人、猶太人、東洋系等の寄合世帶で、これが産業動員を容易ならしめたが、非常時体制の勞働選拔法が實施されたのである。この選拔法を賢明に行使する事によつて、時の政府は産業の擴張を計り、又比較的安全な軍需工場の役を引受けて、輕・重工業の新設と發展を誘導し、加えて油田、ユラニアム鑛、鐵鑛の開發によつて、カナダの經濟機構は急激に上昇强化されて、名實共に强國としての相貌を備えるに至つた。

如く、經濟面、就職に政治的、社會的、好ましい反映し、各種の社會安全保障法が實施され、又戰時中住民の自由行動を統制した政府は、カナダ市民法を公布して一般住民と平等なる權利を與えたのである。從つて戰時中敵國人待遇を受け、沿岸地帶から強迭を餘儀なくされた日系人も、自由にカナダ市民たり得る日が訪れたのである。ここに於て吾々は、自由主義國家は何百年に亘つて人間が考え、多くの犠牲を拂つて人權のために戰い、不斷の警戒と自由擁護の代價として今日の狀態にまで到達したものであることを、深く心に留めて置き度いものである。

クリスマス 新年特別號（第三部）

クリスマスの光榮

ウ市　エ・ミー生

クリスマスはイエス生誕の記念日である。生誕といえば喜ばしく、祝うべく、樂しむべき日である。されどイエスの誕生はこの現實に於てそうではなかつた。彼の生地は寒村、時代は生命なき宗教の跋扈、政府は慘忍横暴、人民には喜ぶべき自由なく、一般の生活は困難であつた。イエスはかかる時相を背景としてユダヤの一角に農夫の子として呱々の聲を上げたのだ。彼の生い立ちは嶮々しく、喜ばしく、祝賀すべき特殊の事はなかつた。

イエスを産んだはヨセフの妻マリヤであつて、彼女は後に五男二女即ち七人の子供の母となつたが、良人ヨセフは農村の大工でありマリヤは家計を助けるべく野にも出で、內にはハードな動きをして居た。されど母としての彼女には言葉に言い表わすと然らざるとを問わず、內に激しき歡びのあつた事であろう。然り、彼女は產月を胸にして左の如き暗示を胸に秘していた。曰く

わが心主を崇め、わが靈は我が救世なる神を喜び祭る。この婢女のいやしきをも顧み給えばなり。見よ後萬世の人、われを幸福とせん。全能者われに大なることを爲し給えばなり。

マリヤの夫ヨセフは正しき人と言われていた。彼もまた「かれ子を生まん、汝その名をイエスと名づくべし。己が民をこの罪より救い給う故なり」との啓示夢が與えられていた。

されど幼時の生誕後間もなく暗き陰と不安なる運命とは幼兒の生存を危險ならしめんとした。ヨセフは夜陰私かに幼兒とその母とを携えてエジプトに逃れ行きしと傳えられている。されど時經て幼兒の生命をねらい居りしヘロデは死し、代つてアケラオが治世の時となつたのでヨセフはマリヤと幼兒とを携えてナザレという村に到り住むこととなつた。その間、幼兒もややに生育し智慧と能力も增し加わり、神と人とに愛されていた。されど父はイエスが十三歲の時に物故したので四人の弟二人の妹の兄として母の重荷を分ち擔うこととなり、彼の生活は容易なものではなかつた。

彼は長じて人には良く、親切であり、愛であり、已の非よりも人の事を思うの生活をなし神と人とに愛されていた。されど人知れず隱れたる處に抱く使命と着眼する處は人々のそれとは懸け離れて合致せず、それ故に時には人に嘲られ、罵られ、惡ざまに言われ、棄てられ、排除せられ、母や兄弟や親戚の者にさえ「彼は狂氣せり」と思われ、自分の素志と抱負とを阻止せらるることも喜びであつた。

時には「豫言者故鄕に容れられず」「我が敵は我が家のものなり」「我が母、我が兄弟とは誰ぞや」と痛嘆せざるを得ざらしめられしこともあつた。而して終に「アア、エルサレムよ、エルサレムよ。我れ汝を愛し汝のために生命を與えんとせしこと幾度ぞや。されど汝は我に聽かず、我をうけざりき」と詠嘆をもらしつつ極度まで鄕黨を愛し、國を愛し、人を愛して彼等のために十字架の死を甘受せられた。

此等の事を思い來れば、イエスの生誕は世の常の人の言うが如く、思うが如く、平和なもの、歡ばしきもの、樂しきもの、歌わるべきものではなかつた。然も我等はメリー・クリスマスと言い、歌をうたい、騒ぎをなし、ディナーをつくつて所謂クリスマスを記念し祝賀するのである。

されど眞にクリスマスを祝賀する所以のものは、單にイエスの生誕という事だけでなく、彼の生涯三十三年を通して得た苦闘慘痛悲哀の經驗をなすことによりてのみ生誕さすことの出來る、イエスの十字架と彼の死による生命の復活を祝賀するのである。

人世にありては悩みありと言わるる如く、人の生涯には產みの苦しみがある。されど人は苦しみなくしては勝利なく、勝利なくしては復活なく、復活なくしては生命の光榮はない。

クリスマスはイエスの生誕記念日であり、この記念日は苦難を通して十字架を負う者のみの味得することの出來る勝利と光榮の記念日である。

土の冷え

一郎

散る紅葉ショウウインドに
飾るクリスマス
徐行船木の葉は散るに任せあり
枯野路先行の閑話まざれ
稲枯れて寒園に霜懸きる
指節の割に滲みいる土の冷え

クリスマスご新年を祝賀し
併せて各地同胞の健在を祈る

岩崎兵作
同 かね
家族一同
137 Winchester St., Toronto 5, Ont. Phone WA. 4-1012

伊吹政治
同 きく
同 貳
122 Wheeler Ave., Toronto, Ont. Phone HO. 7831

和泉藤次郎
キン
30 Millbrook Crescent Toronto, Ont. Phone GE. 9538

小坂松太郎
同 貫輔
家族一同
36 Salisbury Ave., Toronto, Ont. Phone WA. 2-8566

[illegible]留吉
家族一同
48 Hogarth Ave., Toronto, Ont.

大西乙吉
家族一同
6 Hunt Club Dr., Toronto 13, Ont.

清水宗一郎
同 マツノ
30 Fulton Ave., Toronto, Ont. Phone GE. 9362

新[illegible]善太郎
ヌイ
家族一同
169 Gerrard St. E., Toronto 2, Ont.

佐久間太[illegible]
家族一同
86 Beaconsfield Ave., Toronto, Ont.

下野誠之(改名)
積司
家族一同
635 Dupont St., Toronto, Ont.

坂口登喜
静枝
18 Linnsmore Crescent Toronto 6, Ont. Phone RI. 2770

佐々木茂
家族一同
92 Robina Ave., Toronto, Ont. Phone RU. 1-4046

立石猪之助
I. TATEISHI
673 Kearsford Ave., Toronto, Ont.

高橋時右衛門
同 静
家族一同
283 Dundas St. E., Toronto, Ont. Phone EM. 4-5672

辻龍太郎
家族一同
511 Gilbert Ave., Toronto, Ont.

若林與吉
同 きの
家族一同
YOKICHI WAKABAYASHI
63 Metcalfe St., Toronto, Ont. Phone WA. 1-9202

山田松次郎
マチエ
家族一同
56 Bellevue Ave., Toronto, Ont. Phone TR. 1878

賀正

検眼士 山岡セツ
410 Bloor St. E., Toronto Suite 110, Phone WA. 1-8137

謹賀新年

辯護士 F A ブリュイン
トロント市ベイ街三七二

謹賀新年

理髪店 谷石權四郎
家族一同
119 Elizabeth St., Toronto. Res. 31 Erindale Ave., Toronto

謹賀新年

龜岡書籍貿易商會
龜岡徳衛
マスエ
KAMEOKA BOOKS TRADING Co.
113 McCaul Street, Toronto, Ont. Phone EM. 8-9934

新しい春を迎えまして
皆様の御健勝を祈ります

トロント壽會
トロント市スパダイナ街四一五

MAPLE SHOE SERVICE
415 Spadina Ave., Toronto
Phone KI. 4898

賀正

門永友次郎
家族一同

謹賀新年

如月クラブ
オンタリオ州トロント市

謹賀新年

萬國貿易有限公司
118-120 Elizabeth Street Toronto 2, Ont

ライチー酒家

WOODGREEN CLEANERS
Toronto — GE. 0438

賀正

岩井六郎
同 静
家族一同

謹賀新年

舊年中は一方ならぬ御愛顧を頂きました
本年も相變らず御引立てをお願いします

一月一日

大陸家庭消費組合
主任 上田武雄
店員一同

CONTINENTAL FAMILY CO-OPERATIVE
618 Dundas Street West, Toronto, Ont.
Phone EM. 6-[illegible]

人の情

晩香坡　尾座本　茂六

私は今年八十二歳、長生きをして初めて知った人情の厚さに感謝している次第である。

私は晩市に在住以來、三年前にウィニペッグ市に在住當時、およそ一年まで自宅療養していたリューマチの症状が再發して、外套を着るにも自由ならず困難しているが、こんな不自由な身でありながら、人々の親切にまもられて、春の頃には日本訪問をして來たし今も三界孤獨の身でありながら、アカの他人さまから親しみ深く、世話してもらにて、何たる仕合せ者だと思つているのである。

日本への航海中には中野武雄君の夫人雪枝さん、松本さん、望月さん、そして高田賀輔氏御夫妻その他の御心添えで無事に横濱に上陸できたし、日本に着いてからも無事に、親子の遺骨をかかわて妻家の墓碑と共に埋葬することが出來て、年來の希望を達し得たのは平素の神佛を信仰する賜だと人々の御親切に感泣している。

日本訪問の旅を終えて晩香坡に歸り着き、一旦ウィニペッグに行つてまた晩香坡に出て來る行き來や現在の晩香坡在住中、内山能六氏や伊藤勝太郎氏、そして永野三郎君御夫妻や西藤二郎君御夫妻その他多くの方々から肉親も及ばぬほどのお世話をいただいているのであるが、これらの方々の中には單に同郷というだけでこの老骨を看て下さる方、まるでアカの他人でありながら親身にまさるほどの面倒を見て下さる方…近頃永野氏宅を訪れると、夜おそくなりがちで辭去することが再三あるが、第二世である息子さんや娘さんが、雨靴に言われずとも不自由な私に外套を着せかけて下さる、といったように、私は大事にして貰えてただただ感泣して御恩報謝を感ずるばかりである。

世の中に何がありがたいと言つても、人の情けほどありがたいものはない。受けた情けは命のある限り忘じ難く、感謝あるのみである。

お人形

トロント　たへね

私のお人形　藤娘は
七つ八つの女の子
柔らかい微笑を
ふくんだお顔して
藤をかついだしなやかさ
お人形見ていると
私の心もお人形の
お顔のようになつてくる
時には美しい
すんだお目々を
じつと　じつと
見つめているの

生活改善に就て

オンタリオ州 田舍者

先月、トロント市協主催で開かれた生活問題座談會の模様が發表された。それについて二、三の讀者氏の意見があつて、田舍住いの私達までにも、その聲が解るような氣持がする。

このことに就ては、晩香坡に同胞輩んなりし頃から大いに叫ばれて研究もされたが、箭は止んでも踊りは止まずだが今度の好景氣で二世の大進出によつて日常生活様式は急變した。白人社會のお目見得的な催し事がその良否を知らずに餘りにも氣輕に取り入れられつつあるということは、見のがすことはできない。日系人社會では、この様な改善策はいつの時代にも立消えとなり、果ては笑の種となることもあるが、この心理は當國にある日系人ばかりでなく、吾々一世が日本から傳統的に身につけて心の奥で巣作りしているものであるからである。それは聲ばかり大きく、吾れ自から進んで實行しようという決斷力にとぼしく、人をさそい、彼を求めて多人數の力にたよりたがるくせが强く己れの個性に不自覺のためである。生活の改善は他人に要求するより、先ず己れ自身の良識の最善と思われる方法を實行に移し、その結果を知人、友人なりの實行者達によつて集會を開き研究をして、一層實行者を募つて行く——というようにしてこそ改善の芽は伸びるのではなかろうか。私は祝事等に餘り出費がかさむなどとけなすものではない。要はそれが個性の現れか或はお流れ式であるかが問題であると思う。

やかましやの一生が、己が足や腰に痛みを知るようになつてきて、セガレや娘の居住い振りに、やれ二世がどうの、嫁が何だのと、ジャクを振り廻す今日となつた。が、先ず若者を難ずる前に、己れの若かりし頃の事實を反省して見るべきである。

親兄弟を捨てて家を飛び出した不孝もので、俺等は

ないか。何か爲に家に居着くことが出來得なかつたか……。シュトウメの居る處は——と嫁つて居た嫁さんが、現在では孫の手を引く大シュウトメになつている筈である。他人や若人達の非難をする前に、己が一歩一歩とたどつて來た過去帳を繰つて反省して見るがよい。そして己が身をもつて他を導き、安業の道しるべになるべきであろう。私はこう念願する。

空の初旅

デーバー 隣愛生

金婚の式擧げすまし二人づれ神の守りで空の初旅

世は進み翼なくとも大空を二千哩を行きて戻りぬ

地上より雲雀のように舞上り神の御國をわれら旅せり

かえりみて

年とりて自慢顔で歌作りおそまき種で笑草なり

クリスマスを祝し
新年をお喜び申し上げます

吉村義平
誠子
信
義
R.R. #4, Bradford, Ont.

町田敏夫
ウメノ
Pineland Timber Co. Temagami, Ont.

鈴木仙太郎
家族一同
R.R. #5, London, Ont.

梶浦萬鶴治
家族一同
75 Dorothy St.
R.R. #3, St. Catharines, Ont.
Phone Webster 5-4999

松下節一
家族一同
447 Bunting Road
St. Catharines, Ont.
Phone WE. 5-5147

本川政次郎
家族一同
8 Stuart St., London, Ont.

田中みね
JACKIE KAY
ROY TANAKA
50 Stanhope Ave., Toronto 6, Ont.

八木國松
同 敏
Town Line Oakville, Ont.
Phone VI. 5-1961

堀口猪太郎
はる
家族一同
413 Dufferin St., Port Arthur, Ont.
Phone 40663

小林菊造
ヨシ子
LESLIE
ROBERT
21 Market St., Port Dover, Ont.
Phone 45

小林三朗
好江
文隆
三千代
20 Erie St. Brant Hill
Port Dover, Ont.

宮垣興四郎
保
範子
171½ Sherman Ave. N., Hamilton, Ont.

長瀧谷逢三郎
ユシ
學
18 East 37th St., Hamilton, Ont.

西川新治郎
家族一同
220 Caroline St. S., Hamilton, Ont.

佐藤惣右衛門
同 とゑ
119 Ealing Ave. N., Hamilton, Ont.

佐藤新一
115 Sherman Ave. N., Hamilton, Ont.
Phone LI. 45761

逢江貞一
靜枝
和子
944 Osbourne Ave., Verdun, P.Q.
Phone HE. 2358

鈴木精藏
れん
家族一同
7344 Chambord, Montreal, P.Q.

家入文三
文哉
敬
8005-B Decarie Blvd. Montreal, P.Q.

西尾逸平
同 はま
7391-C [illegible] St., Montreal 10, P.Q.

田口壽一
文子
家族一同
3054-24th Ave., Montreal 36, P.Q.
Phone RA. 1-4580

渡邊秀義
初枝
同 家族一同
4544 Esplanade Ave., Montreal, P.Q.

山岡清太郎
靜枝
5067 Verdun Ave., Montreal, P.Q.

二瓶熊治
照子
家族一同
740 Hemlock Ave., Hope, B.C.

齋藤金次郎
みね
家族一同
P.O. Box 466, Hope, B.C.

謹賀新年

青葉會
小林芳榮
小林葉子
太地峰月
太地惠
千葉孤舟
引地若子
小林みどり
古屋湖畔
上釜孤葉
中村つくし
宍戸光枝
宍戸春雨

宍戸茶次郎
クラ
Winfield, B.C.
Phone 2021

沼田龍太郎
沼田富代
R.R. #3, Kelowna, B.C.
Phone 7321

青木繁夫
同 厚子
同 修二
同 勇夫
同 達夫
同 [illegible]日
c/o H.E. Thomas
R.R. #3, Fort William, Ont.

濱野菊太郎
P.O. Box 337, Grimsby, Ont.

一 謹賀新年
併せて平素の御疎遠を謝し尚將來の高誼を御祈りいたします

山下照男
節子
洋子
P.O. Box 758
365 Chatham St., Steveston, B.C.

謹賀新年
カナダ曙俳句研究會
AKEBONO HAIKU KENKYU KAI

賀正
トロント曙俳句研究會

謹賀新年
日加映畫社
カナダ モントリオール市

クリスマスを慶祝し
トロント市民協會一世部

謹しんで新年を賀す

四つの誘惑

ウイニペッグ　鄕　滴

太平洋戦争が始つて、沿岸から第一に移動のヤリダマに擧げられたのがミリタリー・エーリア組で、私もその一人であつた時、何時強制移動命令が来るかも知れぬので、小心者の私はヘキーの田舎にいて、仕事にも落ちつかぬ不安な日を送つていた時、日頃から特に親しくしていた或る先輩の見舞を受けた事があつた。先輩氏は曰く「自分は帰化人だから……」と言われて私は、意外な挨拶に返す言葉もなかつた。

帰化人だから移動せずに済む、との意味ではなかつたかと思う。

○

マニトバ州へ移動して、カレーのシュガービーツ農地で、私共家族は身内の人々と同居して、ビーツ作りをやつていたとき、時はまさに戦争もタケナワの頃、あの界隈に移動してきた日本人家族は落着きもなく、寄るとさわると戦況ニュースに血なまこになり、青くなつたり赤くなつたりしていた時、私は何故か戦争ニュースにのみ共鳴する事が出来ず、むしろ戦争に対して疑念を抱いていた。まして戦争の勝負は人間の幸、不幸を決定するものだろうかと懐疑していた。

○

牧畜農家に移つて間もなく、吾々日系人は日本へ帰るものと、カナダに留まるものとに、所謂、忠誠の色分けと言えば語弊があるかも知れぬが、選り分けが政府によつて進行されたことがあつた。

その頃、日本へ帰るという友人が、この国に留る日系人を評して曰く「この国に留る日系人の上には早晩インディアンのような立場に追い込まれる時期が必ず来る、そうなつたら君達は柳の木の下でも彷徨せねばならぬから、自分は日本へ帰るのだ」

君の意見は極端すぎる、賛成しかねる、と私は答えたのであつた。彼は又、日本へ帰つたら、自分の子供に日本精神を叩き込んで仇を討つてやる、と言つて別れたのであつた。彼は帰国した後聞く所によると進駐軍のメッセンジャーとして働いているということだつたが、そんな所が、彼の行くべき所であつたかと苦笑させられたことであつた。

○

或る秋の日、知人が偶然に、この牧畜農家に来訪された。「貴方達は一緒ですか」と尋ねられ、「ハイ一緒です」と答えたのに対し、「窮屈でしょう」と言われた。さぞ戦争中のことさて、敵国人である私共が、カナダ人と同居していることに対する「同情心」からこう言われたのであつたと思ふが、私は、いま戦争で生命を的にして戦つている人の身の上を思うと、私共の現在の立場は物の数でないという意味のことを答えた。更に知人は語を轉じて、日本へ帰りませんかと言われたのに対し、私は、現在日本へ帰る必要を認めませんと答えた。折返し知人は、私はいま日本へ帰らねば死んでも死に切れないと言われて別れた。

由来日本人は切羽つまると、死ぬとか、腹を切るとか言うことが、昔から日本では因襲として残つている。それをまた英雄視する傾向があつた。

○

以上四つの事柄は、何れも戦時中私が遭遇させられたものである。私はここで聖書の数句を引用し、また日頃の感想をも併せて述べてみたい。聖句に「不法の増すによりて、多くの人の愛冷やかにならん」との教えがある。私は戦時中、人の愛の如何に冷やかになりしかを痛切に教えられたのであつた。私どもは、ともすると本當に頼るべきものに頼らずして、頼るべからざるものに頼る傾向はないであろうか。

「汝らの世に在りては患難あり、されど雄々しかれ、我既に世に勝てり」とキリストは仰せられている。キリストが世に勝れた如くに、吾々も世に勝つ工夫をしなければならぬと思う。

子夜歌

是　海

其一

濃作北辰星　千年無轉移
歡行白日心　朝東暮還西

わが心は北極星よ　千年たつても變りがないが　ぬしが心はおてんとさまよ　朝は東に暮れは西。

其二

這信歡不來　自往復不出
金銅作芙蓉　蓮子何能實

たよりやつても　ぬしや顔見せぬ　逢ひに行つても出ても來ぬ　金銅（カラカネ）づくりのはちすの花よ　花はあつても實はならぬ。

其三

春林花多媚　春鳥意多哀
春風復多情　吹我羅裳開

花が咲きます　色よい花が　鳥が鳴きます　可哀い鳥が　何と浮かれた春の風　そろりそよそよ　わたしの羅裳（モスソ）吹きひらく。

冬の天地

ス村　酒田シー生

落ちて行く木の葉の嘆きか
そけくも響きて悲し冬の天地
水たのにもがき疲れて虫けらのあわれに羽の衰へにけり

雪

ホープ　つのだ

雪の朝のストーヴに
われ友人と語る時
小雪ちらちら　窓ガラス

田舎の驛長さん

デイ子

田舎の驛長さんはのん氣なおぢさん
何時もにこ／＼御氣嫌さん
青い信號のその下で
今日もおひるねこつくりこ
秋の日ざしにぽか／＼と
飴玉しやぶつてこつくりこ
赤いトンボがスイーと来てとまれど
はげたおつむに手をやつて
さめた夢は何だつた
田舎の驛長さんはお釣がおすき
ポケツの時計をにつこりながめ
まだ／＼ある／＼二時までは
釣ざおかついで河邊に下りる
田舎の驛長さんはのん氣なおぢさん
釣れたえものに一と息ついて青空高く一服吸わば
向うに見えるはポッポの煙
これは大へん急いで歸る
さあ／＼お還り心配無用
それでも偉い田舎の驛長さん

がはざる歸加の友より賀狀来たりて
つや／＼と黒き房に似たるよき聖誕の朝吾子の髪撫つ
和やかな眼より頬より片笑くぼ抱きてあやせるうら若き母

愛情

ト市　小財新旬浪

父あらば母あらばやと思ふ暮知らず／＼にわが足にぶる
今日來るか明日は來るかと吾子のまつ聖誕の晴着縫ふ母に寄り來て
わが肩を叩く力も増して來し吾子の拳が嬉しくひびく
人づてに聞き及び居しにた

「タレメの正月もよかつたね。演藝會がね。日本のレコードも。」
「夏のベースボール。ブンストン・ロートキャンプの連中が遠征に来たつけ。」
「アルバードのケーキ君、今はトロントで盛んにやつているよ」
「二街のダグリュ君、あれはハミルトンで金満家になつたよ」
「九街にいたエス夫妻はね……」
思い出のはなしはつきず雪もやまず。ホープの冬ストーヴ談議である。

酒

椎田島

新年に付きものの酒に就いて思ひ出したが、酒というは妙なもので、酒を飲んで喧嘩をするかと思えば、仲直りをするにもまた酒を飲む。百薬の長と言い気違い水ともいうが、元来酒その物に罪がある訳ではなく飲む人の自制に依つて毒となり薬ともなるのである。早い話がどんな霊薬でも滋養物でも、度を過せば害となる様なものである。

世に酒飲みの十癖という言葉がある。それは一寝、二機嫌、三笑ひ、四勘定、五管巻き、六跡引き、七助平、八泣き、九泥棒、十喧嘩というのである。初めの三迄は罪のない方であるが、十は言語同断の部類である。昔から「酒は飲むとも呑まるるな」、初めは人酒を飲み、次には酒酒を呑み、終りには酒人を呑む、と言われている。実に酒に呑まるる程危険な事はない。

これに就て思い出す事は往年大阪の某隊に勤めて居た花吹准一君の事である。彼は至って温厚の人であったが酒癖が悪いのが玉にきずで、酔わば必ず乱暴をする。朋輩や友人が意見をするも其当座は傾聴して今後は慎むというが、酒を見ると飲まずに居れぬ質で、飲めば泥酔する迄やらねば気が済まぬ、つまり酒に呑まれる方であった。或時外出先から例の如く泥酔して帰途ウマゴヤの横を千鳥足で歩いて居ると、或一頭の馬がヒヒーンと一声高くいなないた。これを聞いて花吹君は何思ひけん剣を抜いて人攔るれば人を斬り馬攔るれば馬を斬ると高鳴し乍ら馬の臀部に一刀を下したから堪らない。馬は驚きの余り悲鳴を挙げた。

後でその事が発覚して捕われの身となり幾月かの苦役に服したのである。これにこりて身を慎めばよいのであるが、遂に酒の為に身を誤り悲惨な生涯を終る事と思うが、圓本折に触れて酒に酔うた人など見ると、往年の花吹君の事を思い浮べ今頃はどうして居ることやらと追懐の余り胸に浮びし儘を記す次第である。

クリスマスご新年を祝賀し 併せて各地同胞の健在を祈る

安斎逢治
同 美代子
家族一同
35 Albertus Ave., Toronto, Ont.

福元國一
同 等江
家族一同
249 Evelyn Ave., Toronto, Ont. Phone JU. 9262

吉田國定
同 ツト
同 正男
神田良雄
同 富佐子
家族一同
101 Grange Ave., Toronto, Ont.

土井初
家族一同
235 Beatrice St., Toronto, Ont.

江島初次郎
朝江
玲子
596 Manning Ave., Toronto, Ont.

平野芳太郎
同 ワサ
家族一同
180 Woodmount Ave., Toronto 6, Ont.

伊豆川作平
家族一同
8 Burnside Dr., Toronto, Ont.

石田孫兵衛
173 Baldwin St., Toronto, Ont. Phone EM. 6-1929

入澤芳蔵
家族一同
203 Sherbourne St., Toronto, Ont.

倉丸みね
30 Rose St., Toronto, Ont. Phone WA. 3-0967

河部友喜
同 すえ
家族一同
105 Crawford St., Toronto, Ont. Phone TR. 1646

小早川正雄
同 明子
348 George St., Toronto, Ont.

トロント市日本語學校
小財新九郎
201 Victor Ave., Toronto, Ont.

松尾千代次
マサエ
家族一同
271 Carlton St., Toronto 2, Ont.

森田治助
いせ
家族一同
635 Ossington Ave., Toronto, Ont. Phone LL. 8744

西川清太良
家族一同
592 Indian Grove, Toronto, Ont.

中村源松
同 とめ
家族一同
136 Grange Ave., Toronto, Ont.

永松五一郎
同 ツルエ
8 Wildwood Cres., Toronto 8, Ont.

西河原菊三郎
辰子
家族一同
39 Carus Ave., Toronto, Ont. Phone OL. 2060

森助五郎
すて
鐡男
美津子
10 Major St., Toronto, Ont.

小田英夫
君江
英明
英司
16 Montrose Ave., Toronto, Ont. Phone LL. 9695

大八木忠吉
スズ
家族一同
71 Queensdale Ave., Toronto, Ont.

大野恒蔵
千代野
43 Singleton Rd., Box 172 O'Connor Dr. P.O. Toronto, Ont.

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都會

トロント 小村 新旬浪

近代の文明は人間と人間とを密接に結びつけたと同時に又人間と人間とを極度に引き離したと言い得る。すなわち、形の上に於ては人と人とが互に密接に相寄つたのであるが、精神的には人の心と心を遠くへだたらしめたのである。それは年々大きくなつてゆく都會の生活によつて明らかである。

トロント市も人々が年々増加すると統計は示しているが、その中の多くは田舍から集つた人と外國より移民として入つたもので、何れの都市にも御多聞にもれず同様に年々異常なるぼうちようを來している。

一つの街であつても、そこには全加の人が集り、世界各國人種が入つている。しかも大抵のところでは十年經つと町の住人が大半變るということを聞いているが、まして借家住宅地帶のところでは、その移動は實にはげしいのであろう。今日は北國の人と隣りになつていると思うと、明日は南國の人と軒を並べるという有様である。

便利な交通機關によつて自由に往來が出來ると共に商工業の發達によつて目まぐるしいほど人の流れがはげしいのである。それだけ地球上の人が互に他國の人といつた感じのないほど同一の色に塗られ、密接に感じているのが都會の生活である。しかしそれだけに精神的な深い關係が結ばれているかというに全然反對である、と言いきれないにしても互に遠く相離れていく淋しい狀態である。

私はケー街に二カ年半ばかり假居したことがある。二年半の假住居の地はいろいろ懐しい記憶が殘つている。今のところに移つてから、時々そのあたりを歩いて見たのであつたが、二年半も行かぬと殆んど街の様子が分らぬまでに變つている。

いまはペンキの色も變つているその假住居だつた家には、もはや親しみもわかず、また隣りに住む人たちの顔も變つていて、何をする人たちが住んでいるか知る由もなかつた。今のところに移つてから、近隣の人とは挨拶も交さない有様でいる。出產もあつた。死去もあつたが、ほんの形式の交際で、心から祝うわけでなく、またくやむこともない。

都會の生活というものはおよそこうした味氣ないものかと考えて、しみじみ寂しさと慘めさを感じたこともある。一時の假居である時はさほどになかつたが、永住の家となると、私達は到底堪えきれぬ荒りようたるものが心の底に殘り、隣り近所が家族のように親しみを持つ生活の田舍に育つた私たちの幼少期がなつかしく思い出されてならない。

こうしたことは旅についても同樣である。「旅は道連れ」とあるように、旅の道中に道連れがあることほど心強いものはない。昔の人たちは旅すがら道連れになつた未知の人も舊知の如く親しみを感じて道中の苦樂を共にしたのであつた。しかるに今日の旅にさうした趣きは少い。車中同席しても、どこの誰とも知らず言葉一つ交さずに過すことが多い。

時々、長途の旅行をする度に車中でそうしたことを考へる。道連れが多くて實は一人もないのである。何故心と心とが引き離されてきたのであろうか。それは軒を並べていても、その日が淺いとか、境遇が異るとか、職業や趣味が違うとか、宗教が變つているとか色々の事情もあるだろうが、根本的なものがあるに違いないと思う。

近代都會人は物質的の利害感情が強く人の心を支配せるのではないか。利害感情は排他的のものに陥り易い。他を排し自己を利することのみに心を奪われているからだろうか。人物の評價さえもその人の收入の多寡で考えたり、財產や月給がその人の人格以上に評價されているあやまつた價値觀念があるからではなかろうか。ここにピッタリしない氣持で集合しているのが都會生活の淋しさであると思つているし、また言語の共通ということも考えられてくるのではないかと愚考している。

クリスマスを祝し
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